

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 105 (2265).—VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

## REVIEWS.

## THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.\*

CAPTAIN BURTON is certainly one of the most remarkable and characteristic men of the present century. He is one of the noblest examples of English courage and enterprise, and of the higher qualities that have crowned our national courage and enterprise with such magnificent results. A more active mind was never accompanied by a lighter or bolder pen. The noble volumes before us—and even in these days of faultless typography and engraving, the present work is something remarkable—are crowded with most interesting, varied, and important matter. Where every page presents something noticeable, the critic is reduced to a state of admiring despair; for every page abounds with personal, descriptive, and scientific details. We find an observant philosopher, an admirable linguist, an admirable draughtsman, fair touches of the poet and scholar, a rare union of the profoundest study and the profoundest acuteness. Mr. Burton is an amateur Ulysses—

"I am become a name;  
For, always roaming with a hungry heart,  
Much have I seen and known."

Captain Burton has told us in one of his earlier works how much he hates hypocritical politeness and the slavery of civilisation. He has literally made the desert his dwelling-place, and found a lodge in the vast wilderness. From the time of his earliest achievements in falconry, and his writings on the Afghan dialect, Captain Burton has been a representative man. His career on the Indus, in Scinde, at Goa, in Arabia—especially his pilgrimage to Mecca—is, or ought to be, familiar to every one. So thoroughly Asiatic can he render himself, that his own friends could not penetrate his Persian disguise. We have learned, however, that one gentleman who heard him use the oriental equivalent to the familiar expression, "I must pack up my traps," succeeded in penetrating the secret. Some years ago Captain Burton issued his "First Footsteps in East Africa," and to that work the present may be regarded as the noble sequel and culmination. We are aware that certain deductions may be claimed from our favourable estimate of our traveller. He is perhaps a little too hasty in his generalisations; perhaps, too, his hastiness is not confined to these. Many of his scientific, etymological, and ethnographical statements will be matter for discussion, and it is possible enough that many points will be given against him. Captain Burton hits hard, and is moreover very fond of hitting. He is unduly severe on the publication of his companion's, Captain Speke, papers in "Blackwood." Captain Speke was entitled to take some credit to himself for his personal visit to Lake Nyanza, so much larger than Lake Tanganyika, and which, it so happened, Captain Burton had not explored himself. Nevertheless, Captain Burton's prodigal fame can afford an indefinite amount of trifling diminution. We must treat great men with greatness and generosity. We cannot but regret the annoyances to which he has been subjected by sleek government officials, whose only chance of fame will be that Richard Burton once did them the honour of treating

\* *The Lake Regions of Central Africa: A Picture of Exploration.* By Richard F. Burton. (London: Longmans.)

them with contempt. It is a great pleasure to be able to give warm and hearty praise to Captain Burton. He belongs to that class of heroes who won Asia and America. It is through him, and those like him, that we believe in the spirit and stability of England.

Captain Burton left England in the September of fifty-six. He departed on a mission under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. His object was twofold. Primarily, he proposed to ascertain the limits of the Sea of Ujiji; secondly, to determine the exportable produce of the interior and the ethnography of its tribes. The Foreign Office assisted the expedition to the extent of a thousand pounds, and the Board of Directors gave Mr. Burton leave of absence for two years. Our traveller opens his story at the point where the corvette *Artémise* bears him away from Zanzibar harbour over the balmy Indian sea, and he takes his leave of the hills clothed with clove-trees and the shores lined with the cocoa, where the white sandstrip and the green shallows shaded off into the serene evening waters of the tropic sea. Colonel Homerton, the Zanzibar consul, although death was written on every line of his features, accompanied the expedition, and with noble kindness determined to see them safely landed on the dangerous sea-board. From the very outset, Mr. Burton was beset by difficulties. His escort had talked themselves into a crazy fear. They would have to pass through forests where savages would overpower them with poisoned arrows from the trees; the chiefs had combined to oppose the travels of the white man; armies of elephants would attack the camp, and the rhinoceros alone could massacre two hundred men. Mr. Burton had the satisfaction of overhearing a conversation between the collector of customs (Sadha) and his clerk (Ramji). The great traveller wanted to know the cost of a boat for use on the "Sea of Ujiji." "Will he ever read it?" asked Sadha in the Cutchèdialect, of which he of course assumed the visitor to be ignorant. "Of course not," was the answer. "What is he that he should pass through Ugogi?" (a province about halfway). However, Captain Burton bravely set out from the little settlement on the coast into the interior. He was accompanied by a lazy, drunken, lying crew, who caused him infinite torture: they were, however, masters of the fate of the expedition, and he had to humour, frighten, cajole, and manage them. He had to drive them along as if he were driving a herd of wild cattle. They were sometimes assailed by martial columns of ants, and sometimes passed through the night air thick with stinging mosquitoes. They use cloth and beads as a sort of circulating medium, for the African of Vasco de Gama is the same as Burton's African, and would still reject gold and jewels for beads and baubles. There are four hundred varieties of beads; they are imported in exhaustless tons, yet what becomes of the beads is as puzzling as that enigma of social life—What becomes of the pins? A weight of ivory often obtains a corresponding weight of beads; the article is not a perishable article, yet comparatively few wear them in any quantity. Captain Burton suggests that they are dispersed throughout the vast *terra incognita* of the Central African basin.

It would be a hopeless task to follow with exact precision Captain Burton, as he proceeds from region to region, over a thousand statute miles, explaining the geography and ethnography. The march and halt of a single day may serve as a specimen.

At 3 a.m., Captain Burton awakes amid

silence and gloom. Even the careless guard is nodding over the watch-fire. He longs for light and would like some breakfast, but he lies still. Four a.m., and very cold; the east is reddening and the cock is crowing; the fires are lighted, food is prepared. The Balaoch (men despatched from the garrison at Zanzibar), like the witches in Macbeth, squat round a boiling cauldron and chant unearthly strains. Five a.m., the little camp is roused; the men are stimulated into a march. Mr. Burton mounts his ass, and he gives us a capital illustration of his appearance while travelling; there is howling, drumming, whistling, piping, braying; like a long snake the caravan steals away over hill and dale. The apparition of an old cow, however, with her tail erect, may break the line of 150 men; if a hare comes across the path, every one starts in pursuit; and if caught, the limbs are torn away and devoured raw. If a shower of rain take these "blameless Ethiopians" calmly take off their solitary article of raiment and secure it from injury. At eight o'clock, if shade or water appears, there is a halt, but often the march is prolonged till noon, and there is then necessarily some keen suffering. At twelve o'clock a halt is really made. If a hut is wanted, the possessor is drawn out of it as if he were a badger—the only means of ejection. The travellers pitch their tents in the clear central spaces, and all about are the low, round, drooping huts of the peasantry. Merrily goes on the work of refection—the slave at the coffee pestle, the cook at the viands, the woman pounding grain, are all in breathless chant. In a leafy bower, or stretched under the shade of a spreading tree, the travelling companions are busy at the diary and the sketch-book. Four o'clock brings dinner, and dinner breaks the neck of the day. The fare varies exceedingly. A steak like leather from an old goat, and bean broth, destitute of taste, is very meagre; but there is frequently a *per contra* of "fixings of delicate venison, fatted capon, and young guinea-fowl or partridge." When night comes on, the cows are penned and the asses tethered; if there is moonshine, the moon has the same effect upon natives as it was supposed to have upon lunatics. The people are furious as jackalls; they drum, they clap, they sing, they drone, they dance, and such a dance—a frantic and infernal dance, till breathless they lay themselves on the ground. If there is no dancing, chatter and squabble are the order of the day, varied by music, in which Captain Burton found himself the burden of the composition, which was as follows:—

"Muzungu mabaya" (the wicked white man) goes from the shore,  
(Chorus) Puti! Puti! (I can only translate it by "grab! grab!")  
We will follow "Muzungu mabaya."  
Puti! Puti!  
As long as he gives us good food!  
Puti! Puti!  
We will traverse the hill and the stream,  
Puti! Puti!  
With the caravan of this great mundeiva (merchant).  
Puti! Puti! &c., &c."

Eight o'clock is a late, a very late hour, and every one, except confabulative women, think of rest. Even these at last are silent:—

"One by one the caravan sinks into torpid slumber. At this time, especially when in the jungle-bivouac, the scene often becomes truly impressive. The dull red fires flickering and forming a circle of ruddy light in the depths of the black forest, flaming against the tall trunks and defining the foliage of the nearer trees, illuminate lurid groups of savage men, in every variety of shape and posture. Above, the dark purple sky, studded with golden points, domes the earth with bounds narrowed by the gloom of night. And, behold! in the

western horizon, a resplendent crescent, with a dim, ash-coloured globe in its arms, and crowned by Hesperus, sparkling like a diamond, sinks through the vast of space, in all the glory and gorgeousness of eternal nature's sublimest works. From such a night, methinks, the Byzantine man took his device, the Crescent and the Star."

At this point we must give a few more extracts from Captain Burton:—

#### LORD MACAULAY MISTAKEN.

"I must here indulge in a little digression. For the past century, which concluded with reducing India to the rank of a British province, the proud invader has eaten her rice after a fashion which has secured for him the contempt of the East. He deliberately boils it, and after drawing off the nutritious starch or gluten called 'conjee,' which forms the perquisite of his Portuguese or his Pariah cook, he is fain to fill himself with that which has become little more nutritious than the prodigal's husks. Great, indeed, is the invader's ignorance upon that point. Peace be to the names of Lord Macaulay, but listen to and wonder at his eloquent words!—'The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.' Indians never fail to drink the 'conjee.' The Arab, on the other hand, mingles with his rice a sufficiency of ghee to prevent the extraction of the 'thin gruel,' and thus makes the grain as palatable and as nutritious as nature intended it to be."

#### THE OFFICIAL "WIGGING."

"Convinced, by sundry conversations with Arabs and others at Suez and Aden, during my last overland journey to India, and by the details supplied to me by a naval officer, who was thoroughly conversant with the Red Sea, that, in consequence of the weakness and insufficiency of the squadron then employed, slavery still flourished, and that the numerous British subjects and protégés were inadequately protected, I had dared, after arrival at Zanzibar, privately to address, on the 15th of December, 1856, a letter upon the subject to the secretary to the Royal Geographical Society. It contained an 'Account of Political Affairs in the Red Sea,'—to quote the words of the paper, and expressed a hope that it might be 'deemed worthy to be transmitted to the Court of Directors, or to the Foreign Office.' The only acknowledgment which I received, was the edifying information that the secretary to Government, Bombay, was directed by the Right Honourable the Governor in Council, Bombay, to state that my 'want of discretion and due regard for the authorities to whom I am subordinate, has been regarded with displeasure by the Government.'"

"This was hard. I have perhaps been Quixotic enough to attempt a suggestion that, though the Mediterranean is fast becoming a French lake, by timely measures the Red Sea may be prevented from being converted into a Franco-Russo-Austrian lake. But an Englishman in these days must be proud—very proud, of his nation, and withal somewhat regretful that he was not born of some mighty mother of men—such as Russia and America—who has not become old and careless enough to leave her bairns unprotected, or cold and rusty enough to reward a little word of wisdom from her babes and sucklings with a scolding or a buffet."

"The sore, however, had its salve. The official 'wig' was dated the 23rd of July, 1857. Posts are slow in Africa. When received on the 5th of December, 1858, it was accompanied by a copy of a Bombay newspaper, which reported that on the 30th of June, 1858, 'a massacre of nearly all the Christians took place at Juddah, on the Red Sea,' and that 'it was apprehended that the news from Juddah might excite the Arab population of Suez to the commission of similar outrages.'"

#### THE SLAVE TRADE.

"Justice requires the confessions that the horrors of slave-driving rarely meet the eye in East Africa. Some merchants chain or cord together their gangs

for safer transport through regions where desertion is at a premium. Usually, however, they trust rather to soft words and kind treatment; the fat lazy slave is often seen stretched at ease in the shade, whilst the master toils in the sun and wind. The 'property' is well fed and little worked, whereas the porter, belonging to none but himself, is left without hesitation to starve upon the road-side. The relationship is rather that of a patron and client than of lord and bondsman; the slave is addressed as Ndugu-yango, 'my brother,' and he is seldom provoked by hard words or stripes. In fact, the essence of slavery, compulsory unpaid labour, is perhaps more prevalent in independent India than in East Africa; moreover, there is no *adscriptus glebae*, as in the horrid thralldom of Malabar. To this general rule there are terrible exceptions, as might be expected amongst a people with scant regard for human life. The Kirangozi, or guide, attached to the expedition on return from Ujiji, had loitered behind for some days, because his slave girl was too footsore to walk. When tired of waiting he cut off her head, for fear lest she should become gratis another man's property."

"In East Africa there are two forms of this traffic—the export and the internal trade. For the former, slaves are collected, like ivories, throughout the length and breadth of the land. They are driven down from the principal depot, the island of Kasenge, Ujiji, Unyanyembe, and Zungomero to the coast by the Arab and Wasawahili merchants, who afterwards sell them in retail at the great mart, Zanzibar. The internal trade is carried on between tribe and tribe, and therefore will long endure."

"The practice of slavery in East Africa, besides demoralising and brutalising the race, leads to the results which effectually bar increase of population, and progress towards civilisation. These are commandos, or border wars, and intestine confusion."

"All African wars, it has been remarked, are for one of two objects—cattle-lifting or kidnapping. Some of the pastoral tribes—as the Wamasi, the Wakwasi, the Watuta, and the Warori—assert the theory that none but themselves have a right to possess herds, and that they received the gift directly from their ancestor who created cattle; in practice they covet the animals for the purpose of a general gorge. Slaves, however, are much more frequently the end and aim of feud and foray. The process of kidnapping, an inveterate custom in these lauds, is in every way agreeable to the mind of the man-hunter. *A multis utile bellum*, it combines the pleasing hazards of the chase with the exercise of cunning and courage; the battue brings martial glory and solid profit, and preserves the barbarian from the listlessness of life without purpose. Thus men date from foray to foray, and pass their days in an interminable blood-feud and border war. A poor and powerful chief will not allow his neighbours to rest wealthier than himself; a quarrel is soon fanned, the stronger attacks the weaker, hunts and harries his cattle, burns his villages, carries off his subjects, and sells them to the first passing caravan. The inhabitants of the land have thus become wolves to one another; their only ambition is to dispeople and destroy, and the blow thus dealt to a thinly populated country strikes at the very root of progress and prosperity."

No chapter is more interesting than that in which Captain Burton sights the Lake Tanganyika, the "Sea of Ujiji." Through a country rugged and rolling, a country of swamp and jungle, of tall thick grasses, putrescent vegetation, slippery paths and deep ravines—through heavy rains, and through fiery bursts of sunshine, the Expedition urged on its way. Though they had to fight their way through the tiger-grass and the spear-grass, yet the ground was evidently sloping toward the lake; "already in the far distance appeared walls of sky-blue cliff with gilded summits, which were as a beacon to the distressed mariner." On the 13th of February he breasted the summit of a steep and stony hill. Below, in the far distance, was distinguishable a white streak of light. At first there was a feeling of bitter

disappointment. Only one reach of the lake was broadly illuminated by the sunshine; a veil of foliage shrouded the prospect; and Mr. Burton's eyes were still suffering from recent blindness. He began to curse Arab exaggeration, to regret his risk of life and loss of health. But his second feelings were those of admiration, wonder, and delight. A few yards farther, and the whole fair panorama burst upon his view. The traveller welcomed it with feelings like those with which the Crusaders first saw Jerusalem, or those which the Spaniard felt when he first caught sight of the southern ocean."

The lake lay before him, cradled by its mountains, and illumined by the rich tropic sunlight. A long strip of everlasting green bordered the margin of the lake, falling towards the sedgy bushes of the shore, or the glistening sands upon which the crisp wavelets died. Far away the waters stretched in lightest and softest blue, a hundred leagues onward and full thirty miles in breadth. Afar off clustered the outlying islets; afar off, with yawning chasms, rose the background of mountains, like a high and broken wall of steel, flecked by mists of pearl, and clearly set against a sky of azure. Around were large villages and cultivated lands; frequent canoes lay upon the waters, and the scene had much more animation than is associated with the vast vacant splendour of those regions. Mr. Burton considers that if only the accessories of classical and Oriental scenery were here—gardens and orchards, mosque and kiosk, palace and villa—the lake might rival or excel all classic and Oriental scenes."

The next day explorations began. Captain Burton had expected to find a town larger than Zanzibar, with bazaar and port; but his brilliant visions shrivelled and dwindled down to a few hollowed logs and a swarm of screaming blacks. In a ruinous house, built by an Arab and tenanted by slaves, Captain Burton took up his abode, and contrived to subsist in tolerable comfort. The natives would bring sheep, goats, and poultry, vegetables and fish, the wine of the palm, and the fruit of the plantain. And here the traveller pursued his investigations, began to philosophise, made inquiries, set on foot researches. He saw how the moisture and the heat, the two great forces for production, while they evoked a prolific fertility, at the same time breathed death into the climate. When the land has become super-saturated with the rains of the monsoon, the cold wet winds bear on the electric clouds to countries which for months have been reeking with the torrid blaze of burning suns. There is a great contrast between the flora and fauna. Animals are rare; all men hunt, and hunt all things; the native is equally ready for an ant or an elephant. Buffaloes abound upon the plains, and crocodiles and hippopotami in the waters. The huts of the natives rejoice in an unlimited supply of rats, snakes, scorpions, bugs, ants, spiders, cockroaches. Ivory and slaves form the staple supply of commerce, but as the prices are rising, the Arab merchant is pushing onwards his explorations. At Ujiji the average value of a slave would appear to be about fifteen shillings. There are four tribes in the region, who exist in a normal state of itching, probably derived from an injudicious partiality to putrid fish. Their faces are marked with smallpox and adorned with the tattoo; it is the height of fashion to appear dripping with oil, and red earth rubbed over the face is regarded as a luxurious cosmetic. The Lakists are as much part of the water as the waterfowl. They are indolent, thievish, extortionate, uncivil; they stab their guests,



they claw and bite each other like wild cats; they are never sober when they have a chance of being drunk. The Watuta in this neighbourhood are rather a remarkable tribe. They have some slight notions of honour and a sort of rough hospitality. They are a pastoral robber tribe, a name of terror, sweeping down upon the neighbouring lands and plundering the cattle, which they drive off to the most fertile pasture grounds. They despise home and field, wandering from place to place, and encamping under trees; all their wealth is carried on their bullocks; they are oblivious of wounds and death, except from fire-arms; their women carry their weapons, and, it is said, do not hesitate to use them in fight.

Captain Burton discusses the different races of East Africa at great length and with great ability. The condition of the natives contrasts favourably, he thinks, with that of many of the European peasantry, and is incomparably superior to the ryots of British India. When the sun has dashed the dew from the grass, the elder boys drive the herd to pasture, and do not return till sunset. The elders, even at this early hour, devote themselves to steady drinking. They talk, laugh, smoke, sleep, and gamble. Gambling is a passion. They will first sell their property and then sell themselves. A negro will stake his aged mother against a cow, which appears to be the value attached to the old lady. At one o'clock dinner, the great event of negro life, comes off. The negro's whole soul is in his stomach. The meal is his meditation by day and his dream by night. The human animal is ravenous after flesh. Any living thing, clean or unclean, will suit his palate. Fish is comparatively despised. Smoked zebra is a favourite dish, and Captain Burton speaks enthusiastically of the flavour. The negroes differ from Swift's islanders in refusing to crack the egg either at the little end or at the big end; this probably arises from a religious prejudice, whether indigenous or imported it is impossible to say. They cluster like flies round sugar, and if any falls on the ground they would rather eat an ounce of earth than lose a single grain. Of course, the East African eats himself into a state or torpidity. When he revives, he chats, plays, smokes and chews as before. In the cool sunset the women fetch their water from the wells, and then gather together in little groups. As for morality, neither the word nor the thing exists among them: the idea of perfect bliss is total intoxication all day and total insensibility all night. Their wants are few and simple; the fertility of the country has cursed them with exemption from labour. Music is their favourite amusement, but their music is at the lowest ebb. Good tunists and admirable timists, they are totally destitute of creative faculty, and are incapable of advancing a single point: their music always consists of the simplest and most monotonous combinations of sound. The banjo, drum, and sounding board, are of course their favourite instruments. But the great reliefs of life, are the regular drinking-bout and the occasional hunt. The elephant, haunting the low grounds of stagnant waters and dense vegetation, is a valuable and easy prey. The hunt is a most solemn occasion, and is inaugurated by a preliminary week of dancing and intoxication. The vast variety of European diseases are unknown among these people, though the lues has penetrated into the heart of Africa. As most diseases are attributed to demoniacal agency, the medicine-man has no need of polypharmacy. Directly he has received a fee, his services are no longer available till intoxication has consumed the whole of it. The Africans, however, are so far in

advance of our modern civilisation, that they permit the ladies to practise as physicians.

The character of the East African is a strangely mingled one. He has good points and bad points; but the bad points alone are assiduously cultivated. He singularly combines the perverseness of childhood and the unlikeness of age. Selfishness assumes the plainest and most repulsive aspect. Hospitality is unknown; out of his abundance, the negro will not give a drop of cold water to a dying man. Greed, falsehood, mischief, revenge, are his most common characteristics. He shrinks from the idea of annihilation: "Ah, it is bad to die! to leave off eating and drinking! never to wear a fine cloth!" The "social evil" exists, only it is not considered an evil. Women are fattened for marriage just as pigs are fattened for market. Divorce is effected by the simple expedient of turning the wife out of doors. Of all this miserable degradation, the slave trade, perpetuated through centuries, is a main cause; to Africa the almost solitary gift of Christendom has been corruption.

Captain Burton gives an interesting, but most melancholy account of Fetichism, the faith of East Africa. "The word is derived from the Portuguese, *feito*, 'a doing,' soil of magic, by enthusiasm." Just as the exquisite scenery of Greece peopled the shadowy world with the creations of a graceful and fantastic mythology, so the religious ideas of the African have been derived from the gloomy forest and monstrous jungle, the tangled hill, the lone vacant desert. Their only religious ideas are those of awe and horror, their only superior intelligences are demons and goblins. The African argues that if he is ill while others are well, something must have caused the difference, and such an agency must be supernatural or magical. They have a blind adoration, an intense desire to propitiate the animate and inanimate objects that possess such influences; and this is Fetichism. For the rest they have a Sadducean disbelief in resurrection, angel, or spirit. They are in a state of vague atheism, inasmuch as their conception of a Deity is of the very mistiest description, which they have never been able to embody in a distinct idea. Everywhere prevails the most cruel, blind, and sensual superstition. Thousands are tortured and put to death for witchcraft; thousands also actually persuade themselves into the belief that they possess the infernal craft. Trial by ordeal is common; poison is administered; a heated spike is driven into the person; a red-hot hatchet is thrust into the mouth. Such is their most miserable state of spiritual disease and death.

Captain Burton seems to be uncertain whether the East African savage is a degeneracy from civilised man, or a barbarian that has never raised himself a single step. Does he think, with Lord Monboddo, that they were originally apes, and came over from the island of Madagascar? Does he hold the old Lucretian doctrine, which Horace reproduced in the well-known passage beginning—

"Tunc proproserant primis animalia terris,  
Mittunt et turbe pecas, glandem atque cubilia propter,  
Unguibus et pugnis, dein festibus, atque ita porro  
Pugnabant armis."

On the whole, however, we imagine that the tendency of Captain Burton's arguments is to vindicate the doctrine of the unity of the human race. Even the South African must be considered to belong to the race Adamique. "That a higher condition of the human race has preceded a lower," says a great writer, "is a truth which at all times by the greatest men has been acknowledged." The downward progress from a higher point, has been proved by

ancient monuments, by the structure of language, by general tradition, by Divine revelation. "Religion has its traces among the poorest and rudest tribes," says Herder. "Whence did the people obtain them? Has every wretch discovered for himself a system of natural theology? These people, struggling for subsistence, make no discoveries. They follow in everything the traditions of their fathers."

We must now part with Captain Burton. Further language of praise or cordial recommendation would be superfluous. Although the work is written in a lively and even brilliant style, yet so much thought, science, and learning necessarily levy a large demand on time and patience. The most careless reader will find something to amuse him; but those who lend the deepest attention will find themselves abundantly, and superabundantly, repaid.

#### ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.\*

MR. MASSEY in the House of Commons is in no way different from Mr. Massey in his study. The Chairman of Committees and the historian are in all respects one and the same. We might have a difficulty in recognising the leader of the Opposition in the pages of "Henrietta Temple," or the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the "Homer Studies." But, like Macaulay, the member for Salford speaks as he writes, and thinks as he speaks. The business like manner which distinguishes him in the House is preserved in his writings, and is as valuable in the one as it is indispensable in the other. And probably Mr. Massey has to perform similar functions as historian and legislator. He is emphatically a useful man. He has no brilliancy and he has not much depth. But he is gifted with great practical sense; he is careful and he is impartial. Equally industrious with Earl Stanhope, he is less weighty. Less brilliant than Macaulay or Mr. Froude, he is more reliable. Displaying considerable knowledge and considerable impartiality, unfettered by any crotchet or "fixed idea," and writing in an agreeable and not undignified style, Mr. Massey will rank, if not amongst the greatest, at least amongst the most useful, of English historians.

The second volume of Mr. Massey's history brought us down to the middle of the year 1780, and the suppression of the famous "No Popery" riots, headed by Lord George Gordon. The aspect of England at the commencement of the next year was most unpromising, and her position as critical as at any period of her history before or since. She was at war with three great naval Powers—France, Spain, and Holland. The French and Spanish fleets cruised in British waters and threatened the English coast. Gibraltar was hotly besieged by the Spanish. The war with America, which had now been prosecuted for five years, was still draining the nation of men and money, and dissensions between Clinton and Cornwallis prevented any successful or united operation. New York was threatened by Washington, and its defence occupied all the attention of the Commander-in-Chief, whilst Lord Cornwallis carried on his operations in the southern provinces, and paid small attention either to the designs or the wants of his superior officer. At home, the administration was in the hands of men who did not believe in the policy they were carrying out. The Opposition was strong and vigorous. The House of Commons was corrupted, and a ministerial or court

\* A History of England during the Reign of George III. By William Massey, M.P. Vol. 3. 1781-1793. (London J. W. Parker. 1860.)

majority was secured by the placemen, or "king's friends." The unsuccessful conduct of the war and the corruption of the Legislature, together with the talent of the Opposition and the feebleness of Lord North, were sure to bring about an important change in no very long time. In the Parliament which met at the close of the year 1780, Fox, as the champion of popular rights, was returned against Lord Lincoln, for the influential and liberal constituency of Westminster, with Rodney—then absent in command of the fleet in the West Indies—for his colleague. At this same general election, however, Burke lost his seat for Bristol, and was obliged to have recourse once more to the borough of Malton, which he had formerly represented, and which, through Lord Rockingham's influence, again returned him. Keppel, rejected at Windsor through the Castle interest, was made their representative by the electors of the county of Surrey. The Ministry came off victorious in the first trial of strength, and Mr. Cornwall was elected to the office of Speaker, against Sir Fletcher Norton, by a majority of sixty-nine. Their next triumph was the defeat of Burke's bill for regulating the Civil List, though on this occasion their majority was only fifty-three in a full House. The debate on the second reading of this bill was chiefly remarkable as being the occasion of William Pitt's first speech in the House of Commons. This, perhaps the most extraordinary maiden speech ever delivered, more than fulfilled the expectations to which Pitt's name and his university reputation fairly gave rise. It is not a little singular that the first effort of a minister who has done more than any other man to embarrass the national finances, should have been in favour of economical reform. Speaking of this oration, of the 26th of February, 1781, Mr. Massey truly says:—"The promise of parliamentary excellence displayed in this remarkable speech was amply fulfilled; not so the hope which it held out that the cause of economical government had acquired a powerful friend." (p. 44).

On the 27th of November the news arrived in London of the capture of York Town and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to Washington. Addresses to the Crown, praying for a discontinuance of the war—once so popular—and many of them including a petition for the dismissal of Ministers, were presented from some of the most important bodies in the kingdom—from the City of London, from Westminster, Middlesex, and Surrey. At length, on the 20th of March, 1782, Lord North announced to the House of Commons that the King had been graciously pleased to accept his resignation, and that his administration was at an end. So ended this famous Ministry, which Mr. Massey stigmatises as the worst that had directed the affairs of the empire since the infamous Cabal. Mr. Massey then proceeds to draw a short but ingenious comparison between the Ministry of which Lord North was head, and the memorable government of the Restoration Cabal. The aim of Charles II., he argues, was to throw aside the restraints of law and become absolute. George III. sought to diminish the power of an oligarchy and become free. The one, too indolent to work out his own purpose, had recourse to men of greater industry and greater audacity than himself; the other had courage enough to execute the task himself, and what he chiefly wanted in his Ministers was that they should passively obey his behests. Shaftesbury, again, the chief of the Cabal, was "brilliant, ambitious, intriguing, faithless," and was as ready to enter into the royal designs as he was capable of carrying them out. North, indolent

and destitute of ambition, genial and compliant, was equally fitted to meet the requirements of George III.; as the author pointedly remarks, supporting measures which he believed to be ruinous, by means which he knew to be unconstitutional and corrupt.

Upon the retirement of Lord North, the Rockingham cabinet was formed. The Rockingham cabinet was a house divided against itself. The great Whig party consisted of two branches, the larger and more able, which followed the Marquis of Rockingham, and the ancient followers of Chatham, whose leadership now belonged to Lord Shelburne. Rockingham was made first minister, and Shelburne secretary for home affairs. Fox was the other secretary, and Lord John Cavendish chancellor of the exchequer, whilst Thurlow retained his chancellorship in the Upper House. Burke was appointed paymaster-general, without a seat in the cabinet. The author, whilst admitting that Burke had many defects, sufficient to disqualify anybody but Burke for high office, points out that his office was considered ample preferment "for a political adventurer." This is perhaps the most extraordinary, and certainly the most disgraceful, act of Whig exclusiveness ever perpetrated. One of three conditions which Rockingham had made essential to his acceptance of office was, that Burke's bill for economical reform should become a ministerial measure, and yet the author of that bill was excluded from an honour, which was accorded to men like General Conway and Lord Cavendish. The evil of his absence from the cabinet was soon visible, in the curtailment of the very bill which he himself brought forward, a curtailment which subjected him to much reproach at the time, but which was probably made in compliance with the request of the cabinet and against his own inclination. In the "Letter to a Noble Lord," written fourteen years afterwards, Burke describes the difficulties with which, as author of this bill, he had to contend. To use his own words, he was loaded with hatred for everything that was withheld, and with obloquy for everything that was given.

The Ministry fulfilled two other pledges given when in opposition, and pressed through both Houses, in spite of the hostility of Thurlow, their own colleague, two most important and valuable measures, which, along with Burke's bill for economical reform, had been made the conditions of office. One of these measures deprived all revenue officers of the elective franchise, and the other made it illegal for government contractors to sit in the House of Commons. As a proof of what an extensive inroad upon royal power was made by the first of these, Lord Rockingham declared that the Crown lost seventy boroughs, in all of which the elections had been decided by the votes of the revenue officers. The other bill had a doubly beneficial effect, for it not only removed a large number of corrupt members from the Legislature, but it also acted as a check to that infamous system by which the public contracts were given, not to those best competent to undertake them, but to those who always voted with the Ministry. Mr. Massey rightly condemns the bombastic and extravagant language employed by Burke, in speaking of [the royal message which introduced the Civil List reform bill—"the best of messages to the best of people from the best of kings"—when it was well known that the "best of kings" regarded the measure with the sincerest repugnance.

As the author says, however, the members of the cabinet were more rivals than colleagues.

Shelburne and Fox had had serious disagreements, and there would, in all probability, speedily have been an open rupture, had not the Ministry been dissolved by the sudden death of its chief, the Marquis of Rockingham. The Whigs, who had now lost their leader, recommended the King to make the Duke of Portland first minister, but he steadily refused, and the Marquis of Rockingham was succeeded by Shelburne. Fox, Burke, Lord John Cavendish, and eight other members of the Government, resigned; Pitt became chancellor of the exchequer, and Lord Grantham and Thomas Townshend secretaries of state.

As Mr. Massey remarks, the division of the Whig party into two branches was at an end on the death of the Marquis of Rockingham. The Shelburne faction was beginning to show a partiality for the Court. The Bedford connection had long been dissolved. That of the Grenvilles had not yet been formed. In fact, the state of party was now most unsatisfactory, and did not look promising either for the Ministry or the public interests. The coalition which was formed in the midst of this confused condition of public affairs, we cannot scruple to denounce as one of the most unworthy and shameful proceedings recorded in the history of statesmanship. That Lord North and Fox should remain hostile to one another to the end of their careers, might have been expected. At the same time, that they should unite if any remarkable exigency of the public service called for their active co-operation, was also to be expected. But that this co-operation and joint action should take place with reference to the peace, was certainly as surprising as it was discreditable,—a peace, says Mr. Massey, "which one of them had long thought desirable, and which the other, up to the moment of the coalition, had been engaged in negotiating as a minister of the Crown."

Of the treaties themselves, the author regards them as open to no considerable objection, and probably they were the most advantageous which the circumstances of the case allowed. Had it not been for the twofold victory gained by British arms—the defeat of the French fleet by Lord Rodney, and the repulse of the Spaniards from Gibraltar after a three years' siege—the terms would have been very different. However, the Opposition threw them out by two hundred and twenty-four to two hundred and eight. Shelburne at once resigned, and his colleagues only retained office till their successors were appointed. Various abortive attempts were made to form a combination between the existing elements of party. Pitt would not act without Lord Shelburne, and Fox would not act with him. Fox would not act without Lord North, and Pitt refused to have any relations with him. At length the famous Coalition Ministry was formed, with the Duke of Portland for its nominal head. Before its complete formation, there was a threat of a serious rupture, and this was only the precursor of the weak and troubled existence which a cabinet consisting of such heterogeneous elements was sure to lead. These internal dissensions were only equalled in bitterness by the hatred with which the King looked upon them. At the royal levée, when Shelburne formally resigned his office, he was treated with the most marked attention, whilst the new ministers were unmistakably convinced of the sincere aversion with which they were regarded.

Soon after the new ministers had taken their seats, Pitt's motion on Parliamentary Reform was brought before the House. It was a very inferior measure to that of the preceding year. In his bill of 1782, Pitt proposed to extinguish



a certain number of closed boroughs, and transfer their seats to more considerable places. But this admirable, and in fact essential, provision had altogether disappeared in the bill of 1783, and the whole of the nomination boroughs were left *in statu quo*. It was proposed to add a hundred members to the counties, with the exception of a certain number which were to be given to the boroughs. There was also a feeble and impotent attempt to contend against corruption. Corrupt boroughs were to be disfranchised as soon as they were convicted of corruption. It is singular that Pitt's reform bill of 1783 was met by the same answer as Lord John Russell's in 1860—that the people did not want parliamentary reform. It was opposed by Burke and Lord North, and finally thrown out by a majority of one hundred and forty-four in a house of four hundred and forty-two.

We need not go through the history of the Coalition Ministry, which was finally hurled from power by the rejection of the India bill by the Lords. We fully agree with Mr. Massey in his denunciation of the tortuous policy of the King:—

"The constitution has provided no means by which the opinion of the Sovereign upon any question pending in the Legislature can be communicated either to the Legislature or to the country. If it were otherwise, an opinion of such importance could claim no immunity from that freedom of censure which, in this country, attends the expression of any opinion calculated to influence public affairs. It is needless to point out the mischievous and unseemly consequences which would ensue. The King, if a man of energy and ability, might press the influence of the Crown to an undue extent; if a man of ordinary capacity, he might bring monarchy into contempt. But it does not follow, because the King is wisely secluded from active participation in public affairs, that he is thereby rendered a passive instrument in the hands of his political servants. He has in his nobility a body of hereditary counsellors, either of whom may at any time tender him advice, upon which it is competent for him to proceed. This privilege, however, is plainly abused, when the Sovereign avails himself of it to cabal against his responsible Minister, and to open a correspondence with his personal friends and dependants, for the purpose of defeating the measures which his Ministers have recommended to Parliament. Yet this was the practice which the King had pursued since the commencement of his reign, though he had never before acted with such contempt of caution and reserve as marked his conduct on the India bill. If he had been advised that the bill was an encroachment on the just rights of the Crown, he should have summoned his Cabinet, and demanded that the obnoxious measure should be modified or withdrawn. The alternative of compliance would have been dismissal, or retirement from his service. His Majesty would then have been in a condition to appeal to his Parliament, and from the Parliament to his people. But, far from taking this course, the King never made any communication on the subject to his accredited servants. He had been informed by his late chancellor of the character of the bill before it had been submitted to the Commons for a second reading; yet he suffered it to pass through all its stages in the Lower House without any intimation of his pleasure: and it was only when the bill was brought up to the Lords, that he interposed in a clandestine and irregular manner to arrest its progress. But the defeat of the bill was only a secondary object. His aim, and that of his coadjutors, the two peers, who, under pretence of offering their Sovereign constitutional advice, furnished him with a scheme for betraying his Ministers, was to get rid of those Ministers; and the India bill was made use of for that purpose."

With the accession of Pitt to power commenced a new era of English history. From this point the history of England, as Macaulay observes, becomes the history of the civilised

world. Here we will leave Mr. Massey. His account of Pitt's policy, down to the final declaration of war, is marked by the same sense and judgment as are found in the portion of his work through which we have already gone.

Before concluding, however, we must notice the author's opinion upon the execution of Major André, because it is that least popular in England. Mr. Massey brings forward the grounds of public law on which the execution was justified, and it must be confessed his reasoning is very cogent. Much stress was laid at the time upon the fact that André admitted that he did not land under a flag of truce. But whether André did or did not make this admission, seems to the author immaterial. "To maintain," says Mr. Massey, "that a flag of truce which is intended only for those communications between hostile forces which the courtesies and exigencies of civilised warfare require, can be available to cover such a transaction as that which André came avowedly to negotiate, is a mockery and an absurdity." The same argument applies to the safe-conduct which André received from the traitor Arnold. Mr. Massey justly compares a safe-conduct with a sealed instrument. The safe-conduct is valid just as an instrument is conclusive for the parties who signed it. But a deed fraudulently procured is void *ab initio*, and a safe-conduct given by a traitor is no less so. To this it has been replied that it is impossible to draw the line which shall define where passes begin to be invalid—where treachery is matured, or where treacherous designs are only hatching. But this has certainly no weight here, for Arnold's treachery was as ripe as treachery could be. The papers secreted on André's person when he was captured attested more than sufficiently the treason on Arnold's part. This treason unquestionably invalidated the pass given to André. But here come in considerations of humanity and expediency. On the former point, we really are unable to see any reason why André should not meet the customary fate of a spy. It is true, he was an officer; but is not that rather an aggravation than an extenuation of the offence? In any case, the fact of an offender being one of rank is not a sufficient plea, and, in Mr. Massey's words, the Adjutant-General of the British army was no common spy. On the whole, however, this, like the execution of Marshal Ney, will always remain an open question, and public opinion on it will remain divided. Some, with Earl Stanhope, will look upon André's execution as the greatest blot in Washington's career. Others, with Mr. Massey, will believe that the justice of the sentence is clearly established.

#### LORD MACAULAY'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.\*

It is with feelings of no ordinary pleasure that we find the miscellaneous writings of Lord Macaulay gathered into the two handsome volumes now before us. It is not generally desirable to preserve from oblivion the unavowed writings of eminent men, who, as a rule, are true to their own fame, and do not, without tolerably good reason, decline to endorse their earlier productions. But these magnificent fragments of Lord Macaulay's possess merit of the very highest order; in their own line they are only inferior to his acknowledged works; these they are not far from equalling, and they contain some passages equal or superior to any he ever wrote. One of the severest of critics of others, Macaulay was most of all severe towards himself; and yet Macaulay saw reason to modify his unfavourable estimate

of these papers, and contemplated their publication either by himself or by those who should represent him after his death. We should be truly sorrow if the magnificent conclusion to the essay on Dryden were not preserved. The articles on Mirabeau and Barère are almost the only papers that contain Lord Macaulay's views on a most recent and interesting period of history.

On Mr. Ellis, the recorder of Leeds, Lord Macaulay's literary executor, has devolved the task of preparing this collection for the press. We cannot say that we are altogether perfectly satisfied with the manner in which Mr. Ellis has discharged his functions. These volumes are several degrees removed from being an exhaustive collection of Lord Macaulay's miscellaneous writings, nor is it desirable, perhaps, that they should be; but we think Mr. Ellis's judgment has been occasionally mistaken, both in what he has admitted and in what he has excluded. We think that the three articles on Mr. Mill and the utilitarian theory of government, might have been wisely omitted. The indecorous language adopted towards Mr. Mill was confessedly a mistake—a mistake redeemed by a candid and even generous apology, but which is now deliberately promulgated. It is not enough to say that the author of the "History of British India" is now no more; respect is due to a great man's posthumous reputation. Another reason, which ought to have been final as to the exclusion, is the shallow and flippant manner with which Macaulay deals with great philosophical questions, which to profound thinkers—such, for instance, as Mr. Mill's world-known son—must appear amusingly unsatisfactory. Moreover, Macaulay occasionally talks positive Hobbism, from which a knowledge of Bishop Butler's writings would have saved him. Even Sir James Macintosh on this occasion was obliged to give up his illustrious friend. We think Mr. Ellis must have hesitated some time before he resolved to reprint the papers on "Sadler's Law of Population." In truth, the controversy, as we read it now, is dry and uninteresting. It, however, affords some points interesting enough to a future biographer of Macaulay. When the first article was published, Mr. Sadler easily divined the secret of the authorship. He replied in a pamphlet of a hundred pages, and was silly enough to hunt through Macaulay's prize-poems for instances of faulty metaphor. He adduced such lines as—

"Thy fane shall snatch from him a greater wreath,  
The radiant radiance of poetic fire."

Macaulay, in his rejoinder, pleasantly admits the faults; but says there is a difference between the errors of seventeen and the errors of sixty. The quarrel between the two was again renewed on the hustings at Leeds. At the Leeds election consequent on the Reform Bill, Mr. Sadler, possibly not without splenetic recollections, contested the seat with Mr. Macaulay. As the vacancy and the candidates were known long before, the election extended over more than a year, and was very fruitful in letters, speeches, addresses, anecdotes, that possess a great and peculiar interest. The Sadlerites objected to Macaulay that his father was a placeman, his brother a placeman, himself a placeman. They also opposed him on the very contradictory grounds that he was a minion of the ministry, and had to do all the drudgery—that he was a mere official idler, whose duties were confined to reading the newspapers. The high-spirited reviewer was again victorious over his *quondam* foe. The Leeds people have always been highly proud of their "super-human member," who, however, vacated his seat the very next session.

\*Miscellaneous Writings of Lord Macaulay. In 2 vols. (London: Longman and Co. 1860.)

We also desiderate certain features that are absent in this collection. We of course could not meet here with his copious diaries. But did he not make certain contributions to the periodical press beyond the two political squibs reprinted from the "Times," most probably in consequence of the mention made of them in Moore's "Diary and Correspondence"? He also, we believe, sent over various papers from India very closely approximating to essays; we imagine that these could be discovered, and that there would be no objection to their publication. There are one or two articles in "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," and several in the "Edinburgh," which, for various reasons, would be very well worth re-publication. Some of his productions can only be identified by internal evidence, but the internal evidence is very strong. Macaulay was in the habit of working up the best part of the matter of his unknown writings in his avowed and more formal publications. He allowed no waste, and was economical amid all his magnificent expenditure. This generally furnishes a perfectly reliable clue. These early writings, published and unpublished, are very valuable. They are valuable for their very considerable literary merit, and because they are written with greater freshness and enthusiasm than his later writings display. But they are especially valuable as affording us a tolerably-clear view of the gradual formation of his tastes, general opinions, and political principles. This is the most truly valuable part of the biography of a great man, much more interesting and useful than any collection of dates and localities. This somewhat maimed collection from Knight is calculated to convey inaccurate notions. For instance, Mr. Ellis gives us a Lay supposed to be sung by one of Cromwell's Ironsides, but does not give us a companion Lay supposed to be sung by a Cavalier. According to Mr. Ellis's selection, we should suppose that Macaulay thoroughly identified himself in feeling with the Parliamentarians; but he "shifts his side as a lawyer knows how," and the two pieces are little better than rhetorical exercises. The fact is, that Macaulay at this time had a considerable dash of historical Toryism. He was quite uninfluenced by the extreme party views of his subsequent career. In one of those earliest papers which Mr. Ellis has not reprinted, he says, "We espouse no party. Zadig himself did not listen to the memorable controversy about Zoroaster and his griffins with more composure and impartiality than we hope to display on most of the subjects that interest politicians. We are neutrals, neutrals after Don Miguel's own heart." In his reference to Voltaire, we have about the earliest example of Macaulay's wonderful allusive power. An interesting book might be published, entitled "Lord Macaulay's Allusions," tracing his references to their source, and noticing the influence of the laws of association upon the historian's mind. But to return to Macaulay's historical politics. His early views about Cromwell and the Revolution were very modified compared with those which he subsequently held. For instance, in his speeches at the Cambridge Union—and portions of these have been preserved—he calls Cromwell the enslaver of his country. He declared that his heart bled for the sufferings of the Church. He denies that Cromwell's thirst for personal aggrandisement could be accompanied by true religion. We suspect that this is very different from what he would have written in later life. But at this early date the revulsion in favour of Cromwell, which Mr. Carlyle brought to a culminating point, had not then fully set in. Macaulay did not care to plant his feet firmly till he was

first sure of the ground. The swiftest, strongest, most dexterous swimmer with the tide, he was not a man who would care to breast it. We notice much the same thing in literature. In early life, when every one was scoffing at Wordsworth, he joined in the mockery; in later years, when Wordsworth had slowly and surely established himself, he spoke the language of genuine respect.

Thus at the very outset of his career his tastes were almost thoroughly and exclusively literary. In his later time he returned once more to the days of his youth. In fact, pure literature constituted Macaulay's *differentia*. When his admirers challenge for him a foremost place as historian, orator, statesman, we admit the claim with a qualification. Literature in each instance determines his rank. To the extent that literature is an element in oratory, he was a great orator; to the extent that literature is an element in history, he was a great historian; to the extent that literature is an element in statesmanship, he was a great statesman. Of course, in statesmanship literature is almost *nil*. In history, literature is almost everything; yet very far from everything, if we distinguish between the masterly execution and the partial and one-sided principles. "This brilliant pleader at the bar of posterity" did not live to be "elevated to the bench." In reference to oratory, our position ought, perhaps, to be re-stated. For Macaulay's fervid nature eminently fitted him to become a great orator. If his speeches were essays, it is also true that his writings are oratorical. It is no detractor from Macaulay's rank as an orator if he broke down in reply, and could not extemporise an address. An orator is such by virtue of his orations, as a painter is such by virtue of his paintings. He is a great painter all the same if he cannot execute a portrait, and declines to dash off a sketch.

We regret that Macaulay's prize-poems are not included in this collection, in which they deserve a place. Of "Pompeii," we do not think very much, but "Evening" indicates a remarkable advance, and is a really beautiful production. Written when a young man at college, it will always be fascinating to young men of the age Macaulay was when he composed it. We will almost venture to say that there is no undergraduate of any poetic taste at Oxford or Cambridge who is not perfectly familiar with this noble poem. Ranged with these ought to be his unsuccessful poem on "Waterloo." It ought, nevertheless, to have been the successful poem, as was generally said in the university at the time, and even by examiners. We believe his opponent owed his success to a minute local acquaintance with the field of Waterloo, which he turned to excellent account. Macaulay, greatly chagrined, destroyed the poem, but a copy was preserved by admiring relatives.

We must give a couple of extracts from those earlier writings of Macaulay, and we shall take them from those which Mr. Ellis has not edited. The first is a love song. Macaulay has another love song to another young lady on the very next page, which looks rather like unlimited flirtation. We prefer this love song to "The Madonna" (1827), which Mr. Ellis gives. "The Madonna" is only a sort of introversion of the famous love scene in "Romeo and Juliet." There is an artificial ring about it, moreover, which little suits the language of passion.

"By thy love, fair girl of France,  
And the arch and bashful glance  
Which so well revealed it:  
By the flush upon thy brow,  
By the softly-faltering vow,  
And the kiss which sealed it;

"By those foreign accents dear,  
Whose wild cadence on mine ear  
Still in slumber lingers;  
By thine eyes of sapphire splendour,  
By the thrilling pressure tender  
Of thy trembling fingers;

"By thy pouting, by thy smiles,  
And by all the varied wiles  
Which so sweetly won me,  
Laughter, blushes, sighs, caresses,  
By thy lips and by thy tresses,  
Sometimes think upon me.

"Think upon the parting day,  
And the tears I kissed away  
From thy glowing cheek;  
Think of many a dearest token,  
Think of all that I have spoken,  
All I may not speak."

The next is a passage of richest eloquence from one of his unreprinted political articles in the "Edinburgh." A comparison with the speeches on the Reform Bill would alone place the authenticity beyond question:—

"The paroxysm terminated. A singular train of events restored the house of Bourbon to the French throne. The exiles have returned. But they have returned as the few survivors of the deluge—returned to a world in which they could recognise nothing, in which the valleys had been raised and the mountains depressed, and the courses of the rivers changed—in which sand and seaweed had covered the cultivated fields and the walls of imperial cities. They have returned to seek in vain, amidst the mouldering relics of a former system, and the fermenting elements of a new creation, the traces of any remembered object. The old boundaries are obliterated—the old laws are forgotten—the old titles have become laughing-stocks—the gravity of the parliaments and the pomp of the hierarchy—the doctors whose disputes agitated the Sorbonne—and the embroidered multitude whose footsteps wore out the marble pavements of Versailles—all have disappeared. The proud and voluptuous prelates, who feasted on silver and dozed amidst curtains of massy velvet, have been replaced by curates who undergo every drudgery and every humiliation for the wages of lackeys. To those gay and elegant nobles who studied military science as a fashionable accomplishment, and expected military rank as a part of their birthright, have succeeded men born in lofts and cellars; educated in the half-naked ranks of the revolutionary armies, and raised by ferocious valour and self-taught skill to dignities with which the coarseness of their manners and language forms a grotesque contrast. The government may amuse itself by playing at despotism, by reviving the names and aping the style of the old court—as Helenus, in Epirus, consoled himself for the lost magnificence of Troy, by calling his brook Xanthus, and the entrance of his little capital the Scean Gate. But the law of entail is gone, and cannot be restored. The liberty of the press is established, and the feeble struggles of the minister cannot permanently put it down. The Bastille is fallen, and can never more rise from its ruins. A few words, a few ceremonies, a few rhetorical topics, make up all that remains of that system which was founded so deeply by the policy of the house of Valois, and adorned so splendidly by the pride of Louis the Great.

"Is this a romance? or is it a faithful picture of what has lately been in a neighbouring land—of what may shortly be within the borders of our own? Has the warning been given in vain? Have our Mannes and Clintons so soon forgotten the fate of houses as wealthy and as noble as their own? Have they forgotten how the tender and delicate woman—the woman who would not set her foot on the earth for tenderness and delicateness, the idol of gilded drawing-rooms, the pole-star of crowded theatres, the standard of beauty, the arbitress of fashion, the patroness of genius—was compelled to exchange her luxurious and dignified ease for labour and dependence, the sighs of dukes and the flattery of bowing abbés for the insults of rude pupils and exacting mothers—perhaps even to draw an infamous and miserable subsistence from those charms which had been the glory of royal circles—to sell for a morsel of bread her reluctant caresses and her haggard smiles—to be turned over from a garret to a hospital, and from a hospital to a parish vault? Have they forgotten how the gallant and luxurious nobleman, sprung from illustrious ancestors, marked



out from his cradle for the highest honours of the state and of the army, impatient of control, exquisitely sensible of the slightest affront, with all his high spirit, his polished manners, his voluptuous habits, was reduced to request, with tears in his eyes, credit for half-a-crown—to pass day after day in hearing the auxiliary verbs mis-recited, or the first page of 'Télémaque' misconstrued by petulant boys, who infested him with nicknames and caricatures, who mimicked his foreign accent, and laughed at his threadbare coat? Have they forgotten all this? God grant that they may never remember it with unavailing self-accusation, when desolation shall have visited wealthier cities and fairer gardens; when Manchester shall be as Lyons, and Stowe as Chantilly; when he who now, in the pride of rank and opulence, sneers at what we have written in the bitter sincerity of our hearts, shall be thankful for a porringer of broth at the door of some Spanish convent, or shall implore some Italian money-lender to advance another pistole on his George!"

The volumes of Knight contains many interesting notices of the life of the young Cantab, who is considered to have been the cleverest school-boy and cleverest undergraduate in England. All the Cambridge scenery and customary incidents are vividly recalled to us; the studious mornings, the companionship of bright and genial spirits, the long gray flats, the renowned avenue of limes at Trinity, the gay festivities of the hall, the solemn twilight and gorgeous ritual of the chapel, the boating party and the wine party, and then a stirring debate at the "Union," and a wind-up with a jolly oyster supper in Petty Cway's. Nothing more surely indicates the gigantic powers of Macaulay than the strong hold which, when so young a man, he seized upon the affections and imaginations of his contemporaries. Two finished portraits of his character while at Cambridge, have appeared, written, each of them, by a close friend. One of them is to be found in Mr. Moultrie's poems, so remarkable for tender thought and graceful versification, although Mr. Moultrie has signally failed to fulfil the brilliant promise of his youth. Mr. Moultrie's is a most faithful, and occasionally a most unflattering portrait, yet full of genuine truth and affection:—

"Little graced  
With aught of manly beauty—short, obese,  
Rough featured, coarse complexion, with lank hair  
And small gray eyes . . . his voice abrupt,  
Unmusical."

We hope Macaulay felt flattered by the frankness of his good-natured friend. Mr. Moultrie tells us that his brain—

"Endued  
With power to shape and mould its gathered wealth  
As need suggested, turned with ready tact  
Its huge artillery on whatever point  
It pleased him to assail—and, sooth to say,  
He was not over-scrupulous; to him  
There was no pain like silence—no constraint  
So dull as unanimity: he breathed  
An atmosphere of argument, nor shrink  
From making, where he could not find, excuse  
For controversial fight."

"Meanwhile  
His heart was pure and simple as a child's,  
Unbreathed on by the world—in friendship warm,  
Confiding, generous, constant; and though now  
He ranks among the great ones of the earth,  
And hath achieved such glory as will last  
To future generations, he, I think,  
Would sup on oysters with as right goodwill  
In this poor house of mine, as e'er he did  
In Petty Cury's classical first-floor,  
Some twenty years ago."

A companion portrait has been drawn of him by his gifted friend Praed, in a similar vein of good-natured banter, affection, and substantial accuracy. Poor Praed's failure in Parliament, where he had every reason to expect success, well nigh broke his heart. On the same night in which Macaulay achieved a great success, Praed met with his signal breakdown. We are surprised that no collection of Praed's fugitive pieces, which possess rare merit, has

appeared in England. An American edition has of course appeared. We give the extract. We see how generally acknowledged and admired were Macaulay's unrivalled and most universal acquisitions of knowledge. "Tristram Merton" was the cognomen which he assumed for his contributions:—

"Tristram Merton, come into court." Then came up a short, manly figure, marvellously upright, with a bad neckcloth, and one hand in his waistcoat-pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or of great good humour, or both, you do not regret its absence.

"They were glorious days," he said, with a bend, and a look of chivalrous gallantry to the circle around him; "they were glorious days for old Athens, when all she held of witty and of wise, of brave and of beautiful, was collected in the drawing-room of Aspasia. In those, the brightest and noblest times of Greece, there was no feeling so strong as the devotion of youth, no talisman of such virtue as the smile of beauty. Aspasia was the arbitress of peace and war, the queen of arts and arms, the Pallas of the spear and the pen. We have looked back to those golden hours with transport and with longing. Here our classical dreams shall in some sort wear a dress of reality; he who has not the piety of a Socrates, may at least fall down before as lovely a divinity; he who has not the power of a Pericles, may at least kneel before as beautiful an Aspasia."

"His tone had just so much earnestness that what he said was felt as a compliment, and just so much banter that it was felt as nothing more. As he concluded, he dropped on one knee, and paused."

"Tristram," said the Attorney-General, "we really are sorry to cramp a culprit in his line of defence; but the time of the court must not be taken up; if you can speak ten words to the purpose—"

"Prythee, Frederic," retorted the other, "leave me to manage my own course; I have an arduous journey to run; and, in such a circle, like the poor prince in the Arabian Tales, I must be frozen into stone before I can finish my task, without turning to the right or the left."

"For the love you bear us, a truce to your smiles; they shall be felony without benefit of clergy; and silence for an hour shall be the penalty."

"A penalty for smiles!—horrible! Paul of Russia prohibited round hats, and Chihu of China denounced white teeth; but this is atrocious!"

"I beseech you, Tristram, if you can for a moment forget your omniscience, let us—"

"I will endeavour. It is related of Zoroaster, that—"

"Zoroaster before ladies! monstrous! You might as well eulogise *coulour de rose* before the president of the Royal Society."

"Upon my credit, Frederic, when I look at the faces before my eyes, and the narrow limits within which the officer compels me to run, I almost fancy myself tottering into paradise by the command of Monkir, over Mohammed's narrow bridge, with the houris beckoning from the bank."

"Then, for heaven's sake, step straight forward, or you cannot choose but sink by the way."

"An algebraist could not travel more scrupulously to his point. Confucius himself—"

"To what point you are tending, my dear Tristram, may I die a blockhead if I know; but you have now started from twenty different points of the compass, and are travelling—"

"Even as Kehama drove into Padalon!"

"Oh, that he had chained you to his axle!" said Frederic, tearing off his wig in a passion. "Put it all in the book, and begone: for the sober part of our jury have left us, and old Time has tolled his longest chime, and my sister is as tired as the chancellor at the close of the session."

Some of the miscellaneous poems possess a touching autobiographic interest. Especially interesting is one which he wrote after his rejection at Edinburgh, in August, 1847. He is a little too hard in his attacks on his political opponents, whom he describes as "a sullen priesthood and a raving crowd." Macaulay

could at a moment's notice assume the character of the most violent of politicians or the most peaceful of literary men. Till his latest days, and his best, he was quite willing to give up his literature for politics, and when he was disappointed in his politics, he would avow a preference for literature. Macaulay had certainly a proper right to be in Parliament, and we have always thought that it was a mistaken, though generous, feeling, that induced him to refuse invitations from all other constituencies. The loss of his seat necessitated the loss of his high office, and with all his philosophy, Macaulay could not help feeling both losses. One reason of regret would be the material restraint imposed upon his power of doing those generous and self-denying actions, which knew no limit except the limits of his ability. A more tender-hearted, generous, and compassionate nature never existed, manifested in a thousand noble deeds, which, were they generally known, would endear his memory far more than his mighty intellectual trophies. We remember meeting with a gentleman of education and abilities, who had encountered a sudden reverse of fortune: Macaulay gave him munificent aid, and would have done still more for him, had not the loss of a large official income crippled his power of doing good deeds. On the evening of that day of disappointment and defeat at Edinburgh, the thoughts of the wearied statesman, tired with the tumult and the strife, wandered back to days of childhood, and the long-unvisited mansion of his birth. It was the ancient hall of the Babbingtons, a great Leicestershire family, renowned for crusaders and knights, with whom his own family were connected by marriage. From Rothley, the place of his birth, he afterwards assumed his well-earned title. The lines he wrote that August are a truly noble and affecting production. He applies to himself the pretty story which he applies to Lord Byron, of fays and fairies attending at the birth. The moonbeams are falling full on the cradle where, robed in white, the infant "sleeps life's first soft sleep." The fairy queens, with noiseless step, rise and vanish through the gloom. The Queen of Gain swept careless by; the Queen of Fashion had only cold disdain; the Queen of Pleasure scarce vouchsafed a rose leaf; "the Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head." At last there came one mightier and better than all:—

"Oh glorious lady, with the eyes of light  
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,  
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,  
Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou?"

"Yes, darling; let them go; so ran the strain:  
'Yes: let them go, gain, fashion, pleasure, power,  
And all the busy elves to whose domain  
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour."

"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,  
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign.  
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,  
Mine all the past, and all the future mine."

"Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,  
Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,  
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow,  
The sense of beauty and the thirst of truth."

"Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,  
I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;  
And, if for some I keep a nobler place,  
I keep for none a happier than for thee."

"Yes: thou wilt love me with exceeding love;  
And I will tenfold all that love repay,  
Still smiling, though the tender may reprove,  
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray."

"For aye mine emblem was, and aye shall be,  
The ever-during plant whose bough I wear,  
Brightest and greenest then, when every tree  
That blossoms in the light of Time is bare."

"In the dark hour of shame, I deluged to stand  
Before the frowning peers at Bacon's side;  
On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,  
Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde."

"I brought the wise and brave of ancient days  
To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone"

I lighted Milton's darkness with the blaze  
Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

"Thine, when around thy litter's track all day  
White sandhills shall reflect the blinding glare:  
Thine, when, through forests breathing death, they way  
All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,  
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,  
Remember me; and with an unforged smile  
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

"Yes: they will pass away; nor deem it strange:  
They come and go, as comes and goes the sea:  
And let them come and go: thou, through all change,  
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me."

The "Epitaph on a Jacobite" (1845) shows us the intense feeling which he threw into the composition of his history, and his vivid realisation of the feelings and passions of the men of that age. But the most remarkable poem of the volume is "The Marriage of Tirzah and Ahirah," which is written with a lyric fire and grandeur of conception worthy of the noblest inspirations of his genius. We are reminded both of Gray and Milman. It is a poem which the early manhood of Gray might have produced, and is even superior to those splendid poetic efforts of Dean Milman which were once so widely popular, and which will always be held in recollection. It is a poem so written that after-ages will not willingly let it die. We give the concluding denunciation of the coming days of the deluge:—

"Therefore on that proud mountain's crown  
Thy few surviving sons and daughters  
Shall see their latest sun go down  
Upon a boundless waste of waters.  
None salutes and none repiles;  
None heaves a groan or breathes a prayer;  
They crouch on earth with tearless eyes,  
And clinched hands, and bristling hair.  
The rain pours on: no star illumines  
The blackness of the roaring sky,  
And each successive billow booms  
Nigher still and still more nigh.  
And now upon the howling blast  
The wreaths of spray come thick and fast;  
And a great billow by the tempest curled  
Falls with a thundering crash; and all is o'er.  
And what is left of all this glorious world?  
A sky without a beam, a sea without a shore.  
"Oh thou fair land, where from their starry home  
Cherub and seraph oft delight to roam,  
Thou city of the thousand towers,  
Thou palace of the golden stairs,  
Ye gardens of perennial flowers,  
Ye moated gates, ye breezy squares;  
Ye parks amidst whose branches high  
Oft peers the squirrel's sparkling eye;  
Ye vineyards, in whose trellised shade  
Pipes many a youth to many a maid;  
Ye ports where rides the gallant ship;  
Ye marts where wealthy burghers meet;  
Ye dark green lanes which know the trip  
Of woman's conscious feet;  
Ye grassy meads where, when the day is done,  
The shepherd pens his fold;  
Ye purple moors on which the setting sun  
Leaves a rich fringe of gold;  
Ye wintry deserts where the larches grow;  
Ye mountains on whose everlasting snow  
No human foot hath trod;  
Many a fathom shall ye sleep  
Beneath the gray and endless deep,  
In the great day of the revenge of God."

The length of our extracts warns us that we must conclude our notice of these volumes. Perhaps on a future occasion we may recur to them again. It is with regret that we turn away from the latest memorials of this great and good man. We feel truly grateful for their publication. Subject to the slight qualifications we have mentioned, they are a decided boon, and supply a decided desideratum. No edition of Lord Macaulay's works will be complete without these volumes, and we are sure they should be welcomed everywhere with earnest and affectionate cordiality.

#### FLEMISH LITERATURE.\*

Who knows anything about Flemish literature? Are not some of us unaware of the very existence of such a thing? How would

most really well-informed people acquit themselves if set down to a "paper" on the subject? The name of Heinsius, indeed, is familiar to us; within the last year the quaint genius of old Jacob Cats attracted some attention; and translations of that clever and patriotic novelist Henri Conscience were hailed in England as eagerly as in every other country of Europe. But with these exceptions, it is hardly too much to say that the great books and great writers of the Flemish tongue are not known even by name to the majority of English readers.

No little meed of praise then, do we consider, should be awarded to M. Octave Delepierre for having opened up this thoroughly untrodden ground:—

"Deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor."

Even the foot-prints of the mighty Hallam are not to be discovered there. Indeed, it is principally to supply a somewhat unfair omission in the "Literature of Europe," that M. Delepierre's volume was written. We cannot give him higher praise than by saying that his work will form no unworthy companion and supplement to Hallam. It is an excellent, valuable, and interesting synopsis of a national literature; and we must add that our author's English is marked by a purity which we remember to have met with in no living foreign writer except Professor Max Müller.

Flemish, we need hardly remind our readers, is known also by the name of Low Dutch (Niederdeutsch,) the word *Flemish* itself being posterior to the sixteenth century. It is far more soft and flowing than High German—delighting more in simple vowels, and being devoid of that predilection for diphthongs and aspirated consonants which distinguishes its kindred tongue. Its antiquity and vitality are remarkably illustrated by the fact that documents six hundred years old are identical in their language and construction with those in vogue at the present day, and are perfectly intelligible to the inhabitants of the Low Countries. The earliest piece of English in existence is, we believe, a proclamation of Henry III. What per centage of ordinary Englishmen would comprehend it now?

No portion of M. Delepierre's book interests us more than that in which he dwells on the tales, romances, and traditions of early days. We extract a sketch of one of these quaint old stories, which belongs, in our author's phrase, to "The Cycle of Charlemagne":—

"The narrative of 'Charles and Eggeric' is as follows:—One night an angel appeared to Charlemagne, ordering him to rise and become a highway robber. The monarch, at first astonished, believes it to be a dream, and pays no attention to the injunction. But the angel repeats the order, and Charles is forced to recognise the finger of God. He obeys. On his road he meets a knight clad in black armour, and mounted on a charger, also black. It is 'Eggeric,' proscribed by the king on account of his irresistible propensity to the profession of a robber, a pastime much in favour at that time with many of the nobility.

"They both ride on in company, and Charles is not long before he ascertains that this man, hunted down like a wild beast, is more attached to his suzerain than are many of his courtiers.

"They arrive before the castle of Eggeric, one of the king's chief vassals. Eggeric, who to his calling of robber unites the talent of subjecting all persons and things to his enchantment, casts into a deep sleep every living being within the precincts of the castle. But when he wishes to carry off the saddle belonging to Eggeric, the bells with which it is ornamented make so much noise, that the vassal and his spouse are awakened.

"The latter declares that the noise is imaginary, and that the mind of her husband is only disturbed

by agitating thoughts; Eggeric then avows to her that he is at the head of a conspiracy which is to break out on the following day, and to end in the assassination of the king. The lady, related to King Charles, tries to dissuade her husband from this wicked project. Eggeric, as a last argument, strikes her on the face with so much violence that the blood gushes from her nose.

"Eggeric steals towards the bed of the married couple, receives into his glove the blood of the lady, and pronouncing some magic words, the whole castle is again plunged in sleep. He then relates to the king all that he has overheard. Charles, forewarned, takes his precautions, and at the moment when Eggeric with his friends and vassals penetrates into the royal dwelling, he is arrested. The king having ascertained on all points the truth of Eggeric's statement, punishes the traitor, whilst on the other hand he reinstates his faithful servitor in the possession of his rights and property.

"Charles then understands why on that night God had forced him to appear in the character of a robber."

Surely here there is the vigour and invention which belongs to true ballad poetry. Of another lay, commemorating the vengeance of a young girl in slaying a tyrant addicted to the strangulation of young maidens, M. Delepierre has given a literal translation, from which we can quite imagine that it has something of the Homeric ring about it. But who would ever expect to find King Arthur and the Round Table commemorated repeatedly by early Flemish poets? Our Henry I. imported into Pembroke—not Glamorgan, as M. Delepierre erroneously states—a band of Flemish colonists, intended as a check upon the turbulent Welsh, much as we have quartered our foreign legionaries at the Cape, as a good protection against the Caffres. In parts of the county—about Tenby, for instance—we have heard that the traces of a distinct nationality are still very apparent both in the language and manners of the people. Be this as it may, the Flemish settlers kept up sufficient connection with their fatherland to transmit thither the legends of Arthur—legends which, from their anti-Saxon character, the Flemish mercenary was as likely to learn from his Welsh foe as his Norman lord. So Flanders, in these yet extant epic poems—the "Fergunt," the "Lancelot," and the "Walewein," relics of a far greater number—possesses her "Idylls of the King." She too has her picture of Sir Galahad, for whom there is the vacant seat at that mystic table from which the sacred Graal has so long been missing. Perhaps few of our readers may be aware that the original "Reynard the Fox," that "epic of the people," as it has been deservedly denominated, belongs to early Flemish literature, whence also came the "Romance of the Rose," which, translated into every tongue in Europe, in time exercised the genius of Chaucer himself.

To this period belong the *Spreker*, the rhapsodists of Flanders, whose decline is marked by the rise of the first didactic writer, "the father of the Flemish poets, Jacob van Maerlant." Truly a versatile genius was Jacob. He wrote chivalric romances, and he wrote satires on the clergy—the latter a little after the fashion of our own Langland, to whom he was some half century anterior; then he composed, under the name of "Flowers of Nature," a kind of encyclopædia in verse; and finally wrote in thirty-one books a history of the world from the creation to the thirteenth century. Jean I. of Brabant, a contemporary of Maerlant, deserves too, if we may judge from a sprightly song which M. Delepierre has translated, a very respectable place among "royal and noble authors." Even at this early period—the middle of the fourteenth century—Flanders was beginning to develop

\* A Sketch of the History of Flemish Literature, and its Celebrated Authors, from the Twelfth Century down to the Present Time. By Octave Delepierre, LL.D., compiled from Flemish Sources. (London: Murray. 1860.)



a dramatic literature. Our author has furnished us with an outline of one of the earliest dramas, entitled "Esmoreit of Sicily," constructed with remarkable skill and invention. In the same age arose many feuds between the nobles and the burghers combined with the peasantry; and these feuds are commemorated by many curious satires. We extract one quaint example of this war of classes:—

"Many satirical songs and poems prove the hatred which existed between the two classes. We will give as an instance one of these pieces, composed by a knight against his adversaries, who were known under the name of *Kerls*, which was probably the origin of the English word *Churls*.

"The Churls (*Kerls*) are the theme of our song. They are evil-minded, and wish to lord it over the knights. They wear long beards, and their clothes are ragged. Their hoods are all awry on their heads, and their stockings and shoes are in holes. They eat clotted milk and bread and cheese all the day long, and that is why the Churl is so stupid. He over-eats himself.

"A great piece of rye-bread is quite enough for him. He holds it in his hand as he goes to the plough. He is followed by his wife in rags, with her mouth stuffed half full with hemp, turning her spindle, till it is time for her to go and prepare the porridge for their meal. They eat clotted milk and bread and cheese all the day long, and that is why, &c.

"To the merry-makings he goes. He thinks himself a lord, and is ready to knock down all who come in his way with his knotted club. He drinks wine until he is quite drunk, and then is all the world his own—towns, villages, and lands. They eat clotted milk and bread and cheese, and that is why, &c.

"See the Churls go with their Zealand knives showing from their pockets. Oh! may they be for ever cursed. Well shall we punish these Churls. We shall ride our horses through their fields. They have none but evil thoughts. We shall trample them on the ground, and hang them. They cannot escape us. They must bear the yoke again. They eat clotted milk and bread and cheese, and that is why the Churl is so stupid. He over-eats himself."

The days of the Burgundian domination were signalled by the rise of those remarkable institutions, the Chambers of Rhetoric, each with a head styled Prince, and with numerous subordinate officers, including a treasurer, a standard bearer, a jester, and a *facteur* or poet. This last-mentioned official had to compose poems and plays, to draw up notes of invitation, and to solve such questions as other societies might propose. On the production of dramas he became a sort of *choragus*, assigning their parts and supplying their training to the various actors. The Chambers of Rhetoric arrayed themselves mostly on the side of the Reformation, and with them went of course the dramatic literature of the time—a circumstance not overlooked by the Duke of Alva, who crushed the chambers for a while with a hand of iron. Of the Catholic party the chief weapon was the Refrain, so named from the recurrence of the last verse at the end of each stanza. In this were embodied stinging epigrams and devotional hymns—by no one with so much skill and power as by the poetess Anna Byns, "the Sappho of Brabant."

The first half of the seventeenth century saw the golden age of Flemish literature. A great triumvirate then arose in the persons of Hooft, Vondel, and Cats. The first of these is chiefly celebrated as an historian; his greatest work—the "History of the Netherlands"—is marked at once by Tacitean conciseness and Tacitean obscurity. Vondel's genius was rather of a satiric or dramatic turn—sometimes exemplifying both qualities, as in his "Palamede," a covert denunciation of the execution of Barneveld. Cats was Grand Pensionary—in other

words, Premier—of Holland; yet his works would seem to be more domestic in their interest than those of either of the two others: the "Wedding Ring" and "Marriage" are both poems on the phases and incidents of female life. His Book of Emblems has recently been brought forward in an English dress, but in their original form they furnished the richest store to Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose grandmother, a native of the Netherlands, had brought it with her from that country. One other writer of that period must not be passed over. Zevecte, who entered the cloister from love, and left it from patriotism—whose dramas on the siege of Leyden, and fiery invectives against the Spaniards, are marked by no little ability.

After this, Flemish literature becomes less original, and, consequently, less attractive. "The French theatre," in the language of M. Delepierre, "had sapped the foundation of the national stage." Then came the influx of the monastic school, "sacrificing the cheerful aspects of life to an exaggerated asceticism." Many bright names, however, appear in more recent times. From one of these later writers, named Bellamy, we subjoin a specimen which a little reminds us of Crabbe's briefer tales:—

"The story of 'Little Rose' is worth telling. She was a young maiden, sweet and blooming as the spring. Her mother dying at her birth, she was brought up by her father, amid the love and admiration of all who knew her. No sooner had a flower burst into beauty, than it was plucked for Little Rose. Every summer, on that coast of the North Sea where she lived, the tide carries up a peculiar and beautiful sort of fish, which buries itself in the sand, and the young people make pleasure parties to discover and capture it as a delicacy. Little Rose had joined one of these parties, and as the tide was very low, they had gone out far beyond the usual distance. Digging up the little fish, throwing water at one another, and gamboling on the sands, maidens and young men were full of merriment, and Little Rose was chased even to the edge of the waves by one of her companions. 'A kiss, a kiss!' exclaimed her pursuer, 'or I drive you still farther.' She runs on, to escape him. A scream is heard, and Rose disappears in a quicksand. The young man who follows disappears also, and is swallowed up. The rest of the party rush forward to give assistance, but the tide is rising rapidly, and they must fly. The waves roll cruelly over the two victims, and the silence of death succeeds to the sounds of laughter and of song.

"All silently they looked again,  
And silently sped home,  
And every heart was bursting then,  
But every tongue was dumb.

"And still and stately o'er the wave  
The mournful moon arose,  
Flinging pale beams upon the grave  
Where they in peace repose.

"The wind sighed o'er the voiceless sea,  
The billows kissed the sand,  
And one sad dirge of misery  
Filled all the mourning land."

The last men of great importance mentioned by M. Delepierre are Willems, the patriotic champion of the Flemish language, and Conscience, of whom we have already spoken.

Such a subject as the present possesses a peculiar interest for English readers. The alliance between the English and the Flemings—a set-off against that between the French and the Scots—is one of the most important features in our mediæval history. In our first great naval victory, that of Helvoetsluys, it was the opportune arrival of a Flemish squadron that decided the day against the French. Indeed, one of the earliest of Flemish prose works is a history of our Edward III. With all these claims on our attention, and with such a guide as M. Delepierre, it will be strange if this department of European literature continues to be treated by us with the

neglect it has so long and undeservedly experienced.

## THE HISTORY OF ITALY, FROM THE ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON I.\*

In the two volumes before us, Mr. Butt has cleared the way for a History of Italy from the Congress of Vienna. To write this effectively, he deemed it advisable, in the first place, to retrace the main outlines of the events which for centuries past have deprived this ill-fated land of all national unity, and rendered her a prey to French ambition, to Austrian despotism, to the avarice of Spain, the intrigues of Russia, and the interference, not always wisely exercised, of Great Britain. A glance at the map would lead to the belief that Italy was signally favoured by her natural position for the development of an independent kingdom.

Sheltered and separated on the north by the defences of the Alps, commanding the range of two seas, possessed of noble bays and estuaries, of abundant internal resources, and of a glorious climate—such a land, for capabilities of defence, of commerce, of progress, and prosperity, had, one might imagine, a better chance than any other country in Europe. But, in spite of all this—in spite, too, of the glorious memories in the past, of a literature pre-eminently national, and of a people sensitive to insult and degradation, and imaginative enough to appreciate greatness—Italy has been more or less subject to the burden of foreign administration for more than a thousand years, and has never realised the freedom, or exercised the authority, of an independent nation. The peace of Château Cambresis, which was concluded in the month of April, 1559, has been marked by Italian writers as witnessing the extinction of their country's liberties, and since that period almost every nation in Europe has had a finger in the Italian pie. The causes of this servitude are but slightly touched on by Mr. Butt, but he mentions the gross vices of princes, the fierce and irreconcilable enmity of factions, the importation of Spanish pride (which reduced commerce to contempt), the loss of all but the outward form of religion, and last, not least, the want of unity in the several states.

Once more the vision of independence has aroused the slumbering strength of the Italians, and it is impossible, while reverting to the past history of the Peninsula, to avoid a constant reference to the events which will form a most prominent page in the history of our own day. In reading Mr. Butt's interesting and able volumes, the reader will discover many curious historical parallels; he will also observe a few points equally curious, in which ancient facts and modern instances are singularly at variance. One illustration of this difference is thus stated by Mr. Butt:—

"There was but little in the ancient traditions of the House of Savoy to lead to the expectation that it would fill the place in Italian affairs which in recent years it has assumed. In none of the Italian principalities were the maxims of arbitrary government more firmly established. In none was complete devotion to ecclesiastical authority more incorporated with the policy of the state. The feudal principles of the monarchy of Savoy were not the less powerful because by successive sovereigns they were administered in a spirit of chivalrous generosity. Except for offences against the church, no cruel rigours disgraced the rule of the princes of this House. In the persecutions of heretics they too faithfully represented the superstitions and the bigotry of the people; and only added a species of religious veneration to the loyalty which attached their subjects to the descendants of an illustrious and

\* *The History of Italy, from the Abdication of Napoleon I.* By Isaac Butt. Vols. 1 and 2. (London: Chapman and Hall.)

ancient family. Of all the States of Italy, Piedmont was the last in which any one would have looked for the establishment of representative institutions and constitutional monarchy, or expected the cause of civil and religious liberty to find a shelter and a home.

"Looking back to remote history, we may say that the fortune was equally strange which has called them to be the defenders of Italian independence. In the earlier struggles for that independence, we scarcely meet with their name. When we do so, it is as assisting the emperors by giving them a passage through their Alpine territories. At the time when the Lombard league was doing battle against the imperial might of Frederick Barbarossa, the Princes of Savoy were silently consolidating their strength upon their Alpine hills; and if at the battle of Legnano any one had predicted that the time would come when the armies of Italian independence would be led across that very battle-field by the descendant of the Count of Savoy, who had just given passage to Frederick's German troops—the prophecy would have seemed wild enough, without the addition that the princes of that House should centre all the hopes of Italian patriotism in themselves, and maintain the cause of Italian freedom when all the republics that were then so nobly contending for it had passed away."

Towards the close of the fourteenth century the free city of Nice, by the unanimous resolution of its people, desired for itself and its territory incorporation with the Italian possessions of Savoy, and in this way, by universal suffrage, the annexation was accomplished which France has just now apparently effected after the same fashion; but we do not find it recorded that the Nizzards were in reality under constraint, that foreign troops were domiciled in their city, that foreign bribery was liberally employed, or that this political change was effected under plea of resignation to a superior will; neither do we find it recorded that the event was inaugurated by deliberate falsehoods from the lips of statesman or ruler. The hope of Italy rests at the present time upon the King of Sardinia, and so far as Victor Emmanuel can free himself from the fetters imposed by a French alliance, this hope is not unreasonable; but it is impossible to anticipate without some misgivings the future acts of a drama the first part of which has been completed by a pre-meditated deception. In the face of recent events, we can scarcely agree with the whole of the following statement:—

"If we do not attribute to the princes of Savoy all that some of their admirers have claimed for them, it must be admitted that unflinching courage, undeviating adherence to their word, and a bold and manly spirit of enterprise, appear to have descended as hereditary virtues through the princes of this race, and those who believe in the transmission of certain attributes with blood, may find a confirmation of their theory in observing in the princes of this family of our own day the very same traits of character which in remote generations won for their ancestors influence and respect."

Probably to an English reader there is no portion of these volumes which will be perused with so much interest as the reign of Ferdinand I. Certainly there is no portion of modern Italian history which has a stronger claim on our attention. The monarch who in 1759, as a boy of eight years old, received the crown of Sicily and Naples, lived to witness three revolutions in his capital, was twice driven from Naples and compelled to take refuge in his island kingdom; and learning no lesson from adversity, strove throughout a long life, and a reign unequalled in length by that of any other European king, to establish a system of despotism which, in its extent and cruelty, has been imitated but not surpassed by his successors of the same name. Unfortunately some portions of the dismal tragedy were enacted under the protection of the British

flag, and are associated with the one great blot in the fame of our greatest naval hero.

It would be ludicrous, if it were not melancholy, to see how faithfully the more recent tyrants have copied or illustrated the acts of their predecessor; and after reading Mr. Gladstone's well-known letters to Lord Aberdeen, and some modern works on Sicily and Naples, or even Mr. Bridge's description of the fortress of Ischia in the "Times" of last Monday, we feel inclined to think that the spirits of the first Ferdinand and of his execrable wife have ever since haunted the Neapolitan Court. A hasty glance at some of the misdeeds of Caroline and Ferdinand—for the wife was the worst half, and had far more mind and devilry in her than her husband—may not prove uninteresting. If the reader requires a full and graphic description of these "excellent sovereigns," for such they were termed by Lord Nelson, he cannot do better than refer to Mr. Butt's history.

Ferdinand grew up to manhood without any education. He could scarcely read or write, and the royal signature to state documents was attached by means of a stamp. His ignorance was so exquisitely developed, that some of his *bons mots* are still preserved for the benefit of posterity. No wonder he said once that the Turks were powerful, since before the birth of our Saviour all men were Turks. The statement that the English had once put their sovereign to death, he denounced with indignation as a wicked invention of the Jacobins. The strange fool was as ridiculous in his habits as he was feeble in his mind. He would sell fish in the market-place, he amused himself in mimicking the accents of the rabble, and with the common people he delighted to wrestle and to box. It is just possible that skillful counsellors might have preserved the memory of Ferdinand from the execration as well as the contempt of posterity, but he had the misfortune to marry a daughter of Maria Theresa, who had spirit enough to rule her husband and the kingdom, and who was wicked enough to shrink from no crime which might augment her power or gratify her revenge. The fear of revolutionary principles seems in the first instance to have called forth the cruelty of the sovereigns—

"The prisoners were carried from their houses in the night to the dungeons of St. Elmo, where their imprisonment was so secret, that their friends believed them to have been destroyed. Some cruel executions followed of youths just entering on man's estate. Numbers were sent to the dungeons for life. No conspiracy against the government was either proved or known to exist; but communication with the French officers, or even the expression of sympathy with the French revolution, was punished with the penalties of high treason.

"This reign of terror lasted from 1792 to 1798. A wretch of the name of Vanni had been appointed as inquisitor to conduct the proceedings, and he played upon the terrors of the queen by representations that the population were almost all disaffected. He reported at one time that he had proofs to convict 20,000 persons, and circumstances of suspicion that implicated 50,000 more. Nothing was too extravagant to be believed. Acton, emboldened by the credulity with which every accusation was received, brought forward a charge which implicated in the guilt of a treasonable conspiracy the Chevalier Medici, a late minister of the crown, and some of the first nobility of the kingdom. Upon this accusation twenty-eight persons, including Medici, were flung into the dungeons, where for four years they were detained without a trial."

The queen's fear of the French was reasonable enough, for at the very time she had formed an alliance with that country, she was plotting against it. A French invasion aroused the courage of the people. "The whole population rose to arms. The advance of the French

armies was stopped by the wild bravery of undisciplined masses, that disputed the passage of every defile. An army seemed to the French to have sprung from the earth, without generals, without discipline, without a king;" for Ferdinand fled to Sicily even at the time his capital was being thus bravely defended. The king returned at last to wreak his vengeance on those who, in the absence of their sovereign, had submitted to the authority of a Republic:—

"Bands of ruffians visited the houses of the citizens, and the presence of a hempen cord was sufficient evidence to condemn the ill-fated master to the tender mercies of the miscreants who pursued pillage and murder without remorse. The recognised agents of the government vied with these unsanctioned, but tolerated executioners, in the retribution they inflicted without any very careful distinction between the innocent and the guilty, if any indeed could be guilty, where the sole crime imputed was adherence to the only lawful government which the king's disgraceful flight had left in Naples. The dungeons of the city and its fortresses were filled with prisoners in a few days; others were still despatched to the chambers of Granili and the Island of Procida. All these prisons, extensive as they were, were not large enough to contain the victims that were seized. New dungeons were extemporised in vain. At last the captives were flung into the empty public granaries, and left for days without food or change of dress. Men of the highest family and most irreproachable character were thrown into loathsome jails, from which, after the form of a hurried trial, they were led to a miserable end."

The fate of Prince Carracioli is but too well-known, but that tragedy, though nearly concerning us, as involving the honour of a great Englishman, is as nothing compared with the sum total of misery inflicted at this time by these "excellent sovereigns" on their own subjects. Thirty thousand Neapolitans filled the prisons of the country, and were denied the commonest conveniences of life; the slaughter in the capital was great, and not less than four thousand perished in the provinces.

Once again, in the course of a few years, Sicily received the fugitive sovereigns, the fresh perfidy of the royal couple being suddenly and signally avenged, and for nine years, under the protection of our flag, Ferdinand and Caroline held their court in Sicily. No sooner had they thus secured their safety, than they endeavoured to subvert the constitution of the island, by destroying the privileges of the Sicilian Parliament. The British Government was compelled to interfere, and this interference forms one of those significant points in the history of the two Sicilies, which the historical student will find well worthy of his attention. We can only observe here, that all our efforts proved unavailing, and that many Sicilians attribute the loss of their country's liberty to the attempt made by England at that time to strengthen and extend it. Notwithstanding our subsidy, and the protection afforded by our navy and army, Caroline hated England, for she well knew that this country would not wittingly encourage her in the exercise of arbitrary power. She urged again and again the invasion of Naples, not that her husband might regain his throne, but that she might be able to wreak her vengeance on his unhappy subjects. "Give me Naples," she exclaimed, "for twenty-four hours—it is all I ask; it will be long enough for vengeance on the rebels." At the same time, she encouraged insurrections in Calabria, and engaged in her service "some of the most sanguinary miscreants who had made themselves notorious by their crimes." A wide-spread system of pillage and massacre ensued, and was carried on during a long period in the name of the British crown.



Caroline seems never to have been happy except when she was plotting with her avowed enemies against her acknowledged friends; but she had no mercy for the plots of others, and the following account of the way in which she investigated conspiracies, is extremely characteristic. In the present case, emissaries sent over by Murat appear to have excited some republican feeling in the island:—

"The queen sent to Messina the Marquis Antale, who executed his mission of investigation in a spirit worthy of the court by whom he was sent. The laws of Sicily were unhesitatingly violated in the means to which he resorted. A number of persons were immediately arrested—most of them of the humbler classes, but some few belonging to the higher ranks of society. They were treated in a manner which recalls to mind the atrocities of which, in the days of classical antiquity, Sicily had been the theatre.

"The great object was to extort a confession. The prisoners were carried off suddenly from their homes. They were flung into some of the dungeons scooped out of the rock, which are become familiar objects in the history of Neapolitan prisons. They were formed below the level of the sea, and of a size so small that they did not permit their wretched inmates to lie at full length, or even to stand upright. In these dungeons, their life sustained only by bread and water, some of the miserable victims were immured uncondemned for weeks. Torture was employed to extract confessions of their guilt. It is stated upon trustworthy authority that the process of scalping was adopted in detail by the application of pincers to the skin. The torture of the rack was too commonplace to suit the refined cruelty of these ingenious tormentors, and they endeavoured to supplement its deficient cruelty by new contrivances, which, it may be hoped for the honour of human nature, were their own. Burning brands were applied to the most tender parts of the flesh, or they were torn with heated pincers; deleterious drugs were given them to produce frightful dreams, on awaking from which they found themselves in contact with heated irons, while the agent of the police stood close to them, to record as evidence for the queen the incoherent utterances of their waking fright."

Lord William Bentinck's conduct at this time is worthy of all praise. He re-deemed the British character in Sicily, after it had become tarnished by very questionable acts, and stated plainly that our Government would never sanction the illegal conduct of the queen. "This man," said Ferdinand, "was sent to make bows, and not to dictate laws;" but the imbecile monarch soon discovered his mistake, for Lord William Bentinck, following out the instructions he had received, insisted on the cancelling of all illegal edicts, and that the queen should totally withdraw from all interference in state affairs. At length, after some desperate efforts to regain her power, the wretched woman was compelled to leave the island altogether. This occurred in 1813. She never returned to it, but we meet with her again at Vienna, whither she hastened at the Congress to support her husband's claims. In spite of misfortune, her evil passions were still dominant, and "at the very time when she knew that the cruelties of her husband's reign were used as an argument against his claims, she boasted of the punishments she would inflict when Naples was once more her own."

The final scene in the life of this extraordinary woman is vividly described by Mr. Butt. It is the last extract we must transcribe from his pages:—

"Her longings for vengeance were never to be gratified. She was not destined ever again to enter Naples, or even at Vienna to plead the cause of herself and her husband with those personages whom she hoped to influence by her address. On the 7th of September, she died suddenly in the imperial castle of Hetzendorf, where, after a short stay at Schönbrunn, her residence had been assigned

The excitement of her position, and the fatigues of her journey, were too much for her nervous system, shattered by the use of opium, and preyed on by the guilty memories of her life. During her visit to Schönbrunn, her attendants, or even her visitors, were often startled by sudden cries of terror, or amazed by wild words which she addressed to some mysterious intruder, whom her scared imagination conjured up. In the corridors of the palace, spectres, invisible to others, beckoned her as she passed. On its long straight gravel walks, and under the shelter of the hedges of its old-fashioned gardens, the voices of unseen messengers summoned her by name. Probably, in the midst of terrors like these, her spirit passed away. Her attendants found her dead in her chair, her mouth wide open, as if in the attempt to call for assistance, and her hand extended towards the bell-rope, which she had not strength to reach. Her death was attributed to the rage into which she was thrown on hearing, on the last evening of her existence, that the Russian emperor had declared that the events of 1799 made it impossible ever to restore to Naples its butcher king."

Our necessarily limited glance at the fortunes of the two Sicilies, or rather at the characters of the king and queen who misgoverned them half a century ago, must here terminate. We cannot follow Mr. Butt in his further account of the kingdom of Naples, still less can we accompany him in his researches through other Italian states. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to the public or to the author of this history, to pass a decided judgment on a work which is at present so incomplete, and yet it is possible to judge in some degree of the powers which Mr. Butt possesses for the task he has undertaken. The material before us is quite sufficient to enable us to form an estimate of the new historian's style, of his breadth of view, of his skill in arrangement, of his tact in seizing with a firm grasp the points which will elucidate his theme, and of his taste in rejecting those other points which, though seemingly important, are yet in reality trivial.

The want of unity in the internal condition of Italy considerably enhances the difficulties of the historian. He has to deal with one country, but with many states—with a land united by the natural ties of geographical position, of literature, and of language, but utterly dismembered in its political relations. Mr. Butt has, we think, succeeded where success is thus difficult. He possesses many of the qualities which are most essential to the historian, and some which are highly prized by all literary men. His language is manly and unaffected, and in the main equal to his theme. He writes with the authority of a man who has mastered his subject, and with the energy of a man who has selected a subject that he loves. The promise of these two volumes is great; we hope to see it fully realised in the remaining portion of the history.

One plain word of advice to Mr. Butt before parting. Dates are a main essential in all histories; and of dates Mr. Butt is extremely chary. This defect should be amended in the next edition of the volumes before us, and avoided in those which are to follow.

#### THE IRONSIDES.\*

AN historical novel, at the present day, is very much in the position of those inferior forms of life, made familiar to us by Mr. Darwin, who vainly struggle to maintain their position against the inroads of new and harder intruders. The poor old British rat, so dear to Jacobite naturalists, was swept away, as we all know, by an invasion of certain gray sharp-

toothed kinsmen from Hanover, and now only lingers, like his Celtic brethren of the human family, in a few obscure nooks and corners of the land. There are many minds who delight to extend a certain patronising protection to these ill-starred competitors in the struggle for existence; who make it their business to believe that the vanquished were almost always more virtuous and deserving than their conquerors. Thus MM. Michelet and Thierry overflow with sympathy for Celts and Basques, for the Saxons when trampled upon by the Normans, just as Mr. Waterton can never repress his emotion when the undeserved evils of the British rat are forced upon his attention. In a similar way, we are affected by the sight of a regular three-volumed historical novel, which makes no attempt to disguise its true character, but comes before us with an uncompromising confession on the title page, of being a "Tale of the English Commonwealth." We remember the glories of the historical novel in the days of Scott, and remembering them, can spare at least one gentle sigh for the shrunken, failing types of that once wide-spreading and powerful species which still linger about their ancient seats. They provoke a melancholy and a forbearing interest. It is not in the heart of man to treat them with harshness. Who does not feel a certain awe in contemplating, as the poet said on the Canals of Venice, even the shade of "that which once was great"? The most acrimonious Whig would, we believe, shrink from insulting the fallen majesty of the British rat. Could we see an ichthyosaurus disporting himself on the mud-banks of the Thames, our first thought (apart from any conjectural interest as to our own lineal relations with him) would be tinged with compassion, and a certain nameless reverence. Even the African lion-slayer would hardly be prepared to shoot him on the spot.

The "Ironsides"—as its name indicates—is not only an historical novel, but one whose sphere is the familiar but still engrossing era of Charles the First. The advance which the science of history has made since the days of Scott is only to be paralleled by the prodigious strides which geology and ethnology have made during the same period. We do not for a moment pretend that the infinitely complex problem of history has been ascertained and adjusted, with anything like the completeness and accuracy with which the problems suggested by the structure and surface of the globe we inhabit, appear to have been. We know more about the formation of coral reefs and beds of granite rock, than about the slow formation of the religions and societies of the human family. We can only grope and guess, by the doubtful light afforded us by language and mythology. Still it is something to see the principle recognised that history is a science, and like other sciences must be approached with a single-minded determination to treat it as a science; that is to say, by abandoning our own arbitrary preferences or assumptions, and confining ourselves to a simple investigation of all the causes and conditions of the phenomenon before us. In this spirit many great men have wrought, and the results of their labour are now slowly but surely spreading through the minds of men everywhere. We were therefore quite prepared to find in the "Ironsides" a very different view of the character of Cromwell, and of the whole bearings of the great contest between the Crown and Parliament, from any we should get from Scott. The old Tory theory, indeed, is as much a theory of the past as the Ptolemaic scheme of astronomy. After the labours of Hallam, Guizot, Carlyle,

\* *The Ironsides, a Tale of the English Commonwealth.* (London: Saunders and Otley.)

Foster, and others, it is quite impossible for any writer, whatever be his sympathies, to write from that view, as from a first principle or accepted axiom in historical inquiries. Forty years ago, Mr. Croker, in writing a child's history of England, could say of Charles I., "The only fault of this good king was, that he loved his people too much," and could probably find readers who accepted that remarkable statement as a simple but perfectly satisfactory key to the events of the seventeenth century. In the present age, those excellent ladies who write histories for the youthful mind of England, in spite of their unshaken loyalty to Charles and Land, are obliged to confess that these admired personages were often cruel and sometimes false, and that it is not quite clear whether Cromwell was not more of a fanatic, after all, than a deliberate hypocrite. Novels have at last been obliged to sail with the stream, and now discard, or at least degrade to a second rank, the old familiar roystering cavalier, the high-souled young loyalist, the devoted and lovely heroines who wept the misfortunes of their king, and were always being insulted by sour-faced Puritans, and protected by handsome young gentlemen in slashed doublets. How thoroughly do we know the conversation and deportment of these traditional representatives of English society in the 17th century! What ale they drank, and what a sinewy vigour there was in their oaths! We can still read about them in "Woodstock" with the old interest, because the genius of Scott has clothed those sapless abstractions with the properties and substance of living men, and we accept a very insufficient and shallow theory of history, without cavil, for the sake of that robust and honest nature which believed in it. We are very sceptical, in hours of sober reflection, as to the general accuracy of his historical representations; but while reading him we are fairly carried away by his enthusiasm, and feel ourselves absorbed by his prejudices. Those who have read such novels as "Arrah Neil" by the late Mr. James, will appreciate the difference between him and Scott. In the former book, the ghosts of Scott's creation mumble and chatter in the most doleful fashion. We never breathe the air of Hurst Castle and Marston Moor, but only that of the back-parlour in Mr. Colburn's publishing house. The conversations given cannot, we feel persuaded, be the conversations of any human beings in any stage of the world's history. We feel, on closing the book, that if the English of the seventeenth century were at all like what they are here represented to be, they must have been creatures with less of nature and passion in their composition, than the characters of a melodrama in a penny theatre. In the "Ironsides" we have, as might be expected from the recent advances in knowledge, a much truer view of the real nature and issues of the great struggle between Charles and his Parliament; but we are compelled to say that, as a writer of fiction, the author is further removed from Scott, in imagination as well as in technical skill, than he is in advance of him in historical insight. But on this latter point, a novelist is really little more than the spokesman of deeper thinkers, the expression of the general conviction of his generation: he moves parallel with the varied intellectual tendencies of the day, while his imagination and technical skill are personal gifts, which are quite independent of the habits of thought in existence around him. Consequently we must strip the author of the "Ironsides" of the adventitious aid which he derives from living after Hallam and Carlyle, and simply regard him as a novelist or imagi-

native writer in relation to the present conditions of knowledge. From this point of view, it is our duty to pronounce the "Ironsides" a conspicuously weak and inferior book. Simply change the standing point, and we have only the old conventional forms again, drawn, too, with no firm or vivid pencil. The personages with whom we are expected to be most interested, are the family of a country knight of the Parliamentary side, while certain cross relations of love connect the young lady and young gentlemen respectively with the opposite faction. This trite plot is seasoned by the previous attachment of the Cavalier lover to a foreign lady, and the very dull and perplexing complexity of this affair clings like a parasite to the main story, which winds through the battles and events of the civil war, introducing, or rather turning aside to, matters of purely historical interest. Thus we have a very long chapter, entirely taken up with the king's execution, which contains, as far as we can see, nothing new, or what has much relation to the story. The best thing in the book is the note to this chapter, which discusses the credibility of the insults said by writers who flourished after the Restoration to have been offered to the king on the day of his trial. We think the author might succeed in history, or perhaps in discussing particular passages of our annals, where he has failed to interest as an imaginative writer.

We have been led to discuss this book, not because of its own merits, but because of its relation to the present state of historical knowledge, and the contrast thus incidentally brought out between ourselves and the contemporaries of Scott. The meagre outline of the plot, which we have given above, is enough for our purpose, because no one, we suppose, will read through three volumes of a story of the Commonwealth for the story's sake, but rather to see how far the wider views which we have obtained of that interesting period have acted beneficially on the imagination. We are sorry to say, judging from this specimen, that that influence has not been a favourable one. Perhaps principles will never have the same power to attract or repel as persons. This is a view which we know to have obtained widely in all speculations and contrasts of natural and revealed religion. It would seem to hold good of the imagination also. The idea of a saint or hero is a vigorous and fruitful one, while ideas of holiness or courage seem ordinarily too removed and impersonal to affect mankind much. Perhaps a feeling of this led the author of the "Ironsides" to abandon the attempt of reproducing a faithful image of the ideas of government and religion which exercised so wide an influence during the civil wars, and content himself with simply adopting the results to which recent investigation has brought us, and connecting them with the familiar machinery and familiar personages of preceding writers on the same subject. The result, we must say, is most unfortunate. We never read a book which gave us less pleasure than the "Ironsides." The author, too, has not the art of delineation, though most emphatically endowed with the not uncommon gift of assertion. Again and again we are told that the king was perfidious, false, deceitful, never hesitating to break through the most sacred engagements, and the like. We quite agree with him in thinking that Charles often condescended to a very unworthy trickery, but it is really disheartening to have this expression of opinion paraded, with some varieties of language, in almost every chapter. This habit of (the author's) speaks volumes for his fundamental miscon-

ception of the nature and scope of works of imagination.

We had marked some passages for quotation, but shall give only one specimen of a speech of Cromwell's, which reads as if it had been made after a dinner in the London Tavern, with the reporter of the "Times" in the gallery:—

"I am not ashamed to acknowledge the fact that my feelings towards the king underwent considerable modification when I became personally acquainted with him, after the war had been brought to an honourable conclusion. He appeared to me to be a man of great parts, understanding, and earnest convictions, who had been misled by false friends rather than instigated by any innate perversity of disposition; and of the kindness of his heart I had soon personal and irresistible evidence, and so I began to consider whether, under all the circumstances of the case, it would not be best to retain him in the kindly office, under safe guarantees, rather than risk the advantages we have already gained by aiming at a more thorough change in our political constitution. Such, gentlemen, were the changes in my own feelings and in those of many present, and I believe I may add, of the great majority of the army."—(vol. ii., pp. 30, 31.)

#### SMALLPOX AND VACCINATION.\*

A work upon Smallpox is especially desirable at the present time; and every available suggestion is become necessary and important to impede the progress of its revisitation among us. No pestilence has desolated mankind more than this frightful scourge. "Man in the pride of his strength may suddenly be left in darkness or helplessness, and the glory of woman's beauty may be changed to loathsome and revolting hideousness." All classes are alike subject to its ravages, as Mr. Simon, the zealous and efficient medical officer of the Privy Council, has shown in his notice of this disease. The father and mother of William the Third fell victims to it—as did also his wife and uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and his cousins, the eldest son and youngest daughter of James the Second. William himself suffered from it so severely, that his constitution remained permanently shattered by it. Dr. Collinson traces its origin to a very remote period, and gives proof of its appearance and dreadful devastation in early ages, quoting unquestionable authorities in confirmation of his remarks. "The first recorded case in Europe, is probably that of Elfrida, daughter of Alfred the Great, and wife of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, A.D. 907." Dr. Gregory, in his work on "Eruptive Fevers," states that the first notice of a disease which looks like smallpox, is made by Procopius, in a chapter in his work "De Bello Persico," in the 18th year of the reign of Justinian. Dr. Collinson in continuing his narrative, tells us that civilisation and refinement afforded very little exemption from its ravages. Dr. Lettsom has calculated that 210,000 persons fell victims to it annually in Europe. The history of inoculation is next given, which, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, Lady Wortley Montague introduced into this country. That celebrated woman writes from Adrianople in 1717: "The smallpox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of engrafting, which is the term they give it. Every year thousands undergo the operation, and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one who has died of it, and you may believe I am well satisfied of the

\* Smallpox and Vaccination: Historically and Medically considered. By Alfred Collinson, M.D. (London: Hatchard and Co., Piccadilly.)



safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son. I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England." The great opposition made against inoculation by persons of all denominations, is too well known to need description in our pages; and it must also be equally familiar to all, that inoculation found a large number of supporters who carried it out in spite of every impediment. But as Dr. Collinson truly says, "there can be no doubt the effect on the community at large was eminently pernicious, by keeping alive the natural disease and encouraging its spread." We next arrive at that period, "when the observation, sagacity, and persevering wisdom of one man suddenly threw a gleam of succour and consolation over the dreary scene. Happy the name, and blessed the memory, which shall ever be associated in the remembrance of a grateful world with the discovery of vaccination!—a discovery which has conferred an inestimable blessing on mankind, and shed a glory on the profession of medicine of which it cannot be deprived." The discovery of Dr. Jenner is fully described; and all matters of argument bearing on its adoption clearly discussed. "The experiments of Keile and Ceely have satisfactorily proved that this disease is in reality the smallpox of the cow; for, by conveying smallpox matter from man to the cow by inoculation, these observers have produced a vesicle similar to the natural one, while the virus thus artificially produced, carried by inoculation into the human system, produces all the ordinary phenomena of vaccination, and the lymph so generated in the human system may be transmitted from one human being to another with results entirely similar to, and equally successful with, those produced by the common process of vaccination, having its origin in the spontaneous disease of the cow." This is a most marvellous fact, which cannot be explained, for we are as yet at a loss to understand how a poison of such fearful virulence can be transmitted through a lower animal disarmed of its danger and power of contagion, while it retains all its protective efficacy. Dr. Collinson affords full statistical evidence of the benefits conferred by vaccination, the good results in some of the continental kingdoms being even more startling and complete than in the United Kingdom. And yet the disease has again increased most seriously. Mr. Simon, in his report for 1859, says, "Smallpox has been shamefully prevalent; in one sub-district it alone has occasioned as many as 19 deaths out of 80 from all causes; in another, as many as 20 out of 85; and in various instances the registrars who mention the disease particularly refer to the local neglect of vaccination." The increase during the last two years was serious enough, but that of the twelve months is most painfully alarming. Thirty to forty deaths are registered weekly in London, and during the last quarter of 1859, a virulent epidemic has prevailed, and is still spreading over many parts of Scotland, carrying off numerous victims. What is the cause of this increased diffusion of the disease? Dr. Collinson says, "1st, Bad vaccination; 2nd, the deterioration of the lymph used in vaccination from long descent; 3rd, the want of an adequate supply of good vaccine matter; 4th, the want of government interference, and of efficient legislation to enforce the universal practice of vaccination." It is only of late that a system of public vaccination has been enforced; but we very much doubt if the order is effectually carried out, and even when it has been, we know of many cases in which the vaccination has been ineffectively performed.

"In any long series of vaccinations, without selection of the subject," says Mr. Simon, "degeneration will certainly have been produced. Still more frequent danger to the efficiency of successive contagions arises from taking lymph from vesicles too advanced in their processes, or from vesicles that have been disturbed in their course by mechanical or other irritation, or by accidentally concurrent diseases (especially skin diseases) in the subject." Our own experience leads us to agree most cordially in this opinion. There are many infants vaccinated whose blood is tainted with strumous and scrofulous disease, from whose system vaccine lymph should never be transmitted. Dr. Collinson having traced the causes of the diminished efficacy of vaccination, and increase of smallpox, passes to the important inquiry whether any, and what, remedies can be found for the prevention of further calamity? Re-vaccination is an expedient which cannot be too strongly recommended. We have seen many cases in which vaccination has taken effect a second time, and there can be no doubt of the truth of Dr. Collinson's assertion "that whenever there is in the system a susceptibility to cowpox, there must also be a susceptibility to smallpox, the two diseases being now understood to be essentially the same." Again, unless good vaccination be uniformly introduced, and its rules carefully attended to in secondary as well as in primary vaccination, what security have we for the efficacy of the former any more than of the latter?"

Properly instructed and properly qualified practitioners alone should perform vaccination; the most perfect lymph should be used, and the inoculation repeated if the first operation is unsuccessful. The Legislature should become more firm on this important point; the coercion of the law should be made more complete. We have no doubt that all this will be effected. It is a duty upon one and all to assist in carrying out these and other measures recommended by the author; "and so the dire calamity of smallpox may, under the blessing of Providence, be averted from this and future generations."

#### THE OLDEST OF THE OLD WORLD.\*

WE rejoice to be able to notice favourably a work written by an American lady, of which we may say, in the first place, that the absence of all ambitious pretence is at any rate one of its negative merits. In accordance with the sentiment of Coventry Patmore, which closes the volume, our authoress has been influenced by the wish to make "truth her pole-star, and no longer steer unprofitable journeys." Perhaps, then, it is almost unnecessary for her to deprecate "a want of sympathy with the religious views and opinions of the writer" in her steps, commencing with Egypt, through the land of Palestine, in all the scenes of which, we think, without affectation of religious superstition or credulity, she exhibits a spirit of reverence without exaggeration which all pilgrims should show who visit the land.

"Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,  
To our advantage, on the bitter cross."

The lowly reverence of Shakspeare, shown in this and many other lines of his, is duly appreciated by the authoress. We may also commend the absence of any wish to exaggerate the ideas suggested by the scenes described. Egypt and the Holy Land have been of late years so much investigated and illustrated, not only by the class of French and other savans,

and the living pages of Mr. Kinglake, the author of "Eöthen," (whose feelings in some sacred spots partake, we think, a little of a mystical superstition), but by the Biblical researches of Canon Stanley, Dr. Robinson, Kitto, and many others, that the reader probably is not inclined to look for pictures of scenes in a new light, and would still less expect here much critical or antiquarian research. Our authoress proposes to us "a few pictures out of a long gallery in the chambers of memory," which, if we choose, we may either hang up and frame, or, if wearied with their number, turn their faces to the wall and forget them. Many of her pages, as she tells us in the introduction, were written under the palm-tree of the desert; and her object is to place before us ideas of life and travel, rather than elaborate details, or a display of critical antiquarian lore referring to the oldest corner of the old world.

At first, on looking over the table of contents, in the thirty-five chapters of the book before us, it struck us that vastly too much was attempted, and that as many travellers, not merely Americans, set out to "do" the countries they fly through, that this might be a work of this class. Seeing the heads "Departure from Leghorn," "Malta to Alexandria," "Train to Cairo," "Thebes," "Memphis," "The Desert," "Jerusalem," "Baalbec," "Constantinople," "Athens," all included in the compass of 300 pages of good type, and easily and quickly read, we fancied we were to enter on an entertainment unsatisfying as that in which in an hour or two an overland journey to India is performed. But fortunately details, on most points, are properly evaded, and a vein of distinct connection runs through the whole. The connection is skillfully maintained by the view of illustrating the fulfilled prophecies and scenes of historic narrations of the Bible. If inclined to criticise, we might say that perhaps too many pages are occupied with mere enumeration, either in the precise words, or a reproduction in those of the authoress, of the accounts and prophecies of Scripture; but this is readily excusable, as the ideas, in order of their occurrence to our traveller on the spots passed over, are naturally and distinctly set down.

In traversing the "Old Parts of the Old World" the journey commences with Leghorn, passing by the shores of Italy, glanced at rather than described in a few poetic and lively words, to Malta, where we are reminded of souvenirs of the crusades, and, still older, of St. Paul's Bay, near Valetta, the traditional scene of the Apostle's shipwreck; and landing us in the "land of all marvels in all ages past—Egypt." In the words of our authoress, "this wonderful land is like a great volume, whose illustrations are cut in stone, and placed all along the valley of the Nile," a book to be unrolled by the aid of the Bible and history and antiquarian research. It seems incongruous to see the Pacha's steamer on the "ancient river of Egypt," or a railway in the land of Goshen; but before another century shall have introduced progress there, and awaked from their lethargy the darkened Mohammedan countries, it is well that the pictures of life, come down from the most ancient times, should be well fixed in the eyes of as many travellers as can find leisure personally to visit them. Associated with modern travel, it may be difficult to keep clearly in view the ancient landmarks of history, and let the thoughts dwell with Moses and the prophets. On the road to Cairo from Alexandria, one of the modern stations is Heliopolis, the On of Scripture, where Moses passed his early life, and where Plato thought and reasoned. In Cairo still remain the "dyed

\* *The Oldest of the Old World.* By Sophia May Eckley. (London: R. Bentley.)

attire." The embroidered work, the spicery, such as Joseph and his company took up with them, and such perfumery as was extracted of old from the "rose of Sharon," or "lily of the valley," are to be found intermingled with productions of modern trade and articles of modern commerce. Among the objects of interest are noted the British and American missionary schools, the labours in which are for the present unfortunately confined to the low and depraved class of Copts among the Egyptians.

We must glance, though briefly, at the voyage of our travellers—for the authoress formed one of a large party, many of them ladies—up and down the Nile, presenting us with pictures, some of them melancholy—as of an Arab village, where the absence of that cheerful ornament of an English home, flowers, is remarked on—embracing most of the scenes known by name so well to all. The voyage was made in a boat called the *Topsy*, with the flag of the stars and stripes displayed; but neither religious difference nor national feeling prevented the cordial and thankful acceptance of an invitation to join Lord Henry Scott, and partake of the accustomed celebration of the Christmas festival with the "standard of Christ" exhibited planted on Egyptian soil. Thebes is beautifully situated at the foot of the retreating chain of the Libyan mountains, the Nile flowing silently along. But we cannot stop to notice the descriptions of Memphis, the Pyramids, Karnak, the Temple of Isis, and that wonder of the ancient world, which still is in some degree vocal, the Tomb of Memnon, to the classical scholar the well-known "Ethiopian son of morning" who fell by Achilles' spear. Of all the chief scenes of Egyptian interest, we have vivid though short sketches, with natural and refined thoughts suggested. We would especially commend the notices of the custom of embalming; the triumph of Christian assurance as to those "planted in Christ's likeness" over the vain efforts of Pagan superstition to preserve the empty casket.

Having passed three months in the ruined monuments and tombs of Egypt, the thoughts and footsteps of the writer retraced, in some degree, the ancient Exodus. The route chosen, however, was not that through the Sinaitic desert, but the pilgrimage through the wilderness to Judea, "which Mary took in her flight into Egypt with the Holy Child," and since trodden by apostles, crusaders, and conquerors. We have descriptions of camp life, a sandstorm, the first well, and the Bedouins who unfortunately here, as well as in the Holy Land, still render travelling so insecure. From Ramlah, the ancient Arimathea, to Jerusalem, is one long day's ride on horseback. The scenes all round the Holy City, though defaced and devastated, the real city, as Dr. Stanley tells us, lying buried forty feet below modern Jerusalem, which has been seventeen times taken and rebuilt, are too well-known for any need even of bare enumeration. Our authoress views and describes them, not unduly cavilling at all the local traditions which have consecrated the various spots; nor yet yielding credence to tales of monks and *cicerones*, thus giving veneration unsanctioned by our Saviour to holy places, and defiling her feet with the mud of unhallowed traditions. She describes and laments the contests in which the Latin, and more especially the Greek Church, annually exhibit their truculent fanaticism, even in the well-known Holy Sepulchre. We had great pleasure in following her through the scenes in the Holy Land, of which several are pleasingly presented to us. The Temple of Baalbec, with its broken columns and massive slabs, some

sixty-three feet long and of corresponding depth, suggests wonder as to how those vast masses could in an early age have been hewn out and moved. "Tadmor in the desert," the city of Solomon, Baalbec, and Damascus, possess for most travellers in the East peculiar fascination. The shores of the Bosphorus, Rhodes, and other interesting scenes, are touched upon; and an apt conclusion to the volume is found in the associations called up by thoughts of the Apostles on Mars Hill, and the religion of early Greece.

A few minor errors—passages of dislocated sentences, mis-spelling (such as *savants*), fanciful conjectures, and erroneous quotations of Shakespeare, are to be found. In a second edition these may easily be corrected; meantime, we thank our authoress for affording us pleasure in perusing descriptions which the public, we think, would have welcomed, even if extended to make up a second volume of equal size.

#### NARRATIVES OF THE REFORMATION.\*

It may appear superfluous to commend the publications of this well-known historic and antiquarian society, as all students of this branch of literature have derived from them the most valuable aid. These publications during the past year have been: 1, "The Camden Miscellany," volume the fourth; 2, "The Journals of Richard Symonds, an officer in the time of Charles I.;" 3, "Original Papers referring to Milton;" 4, "Letters of Lord Carew, in the time of James I.;" and lastly, the interesting volume before us. As Mr. Nichols, the industrious and learned editor, tells us, a literary history of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" would supply a desideratum; and such was his first intention, but it has been changed so as to take the shape of a collection, with ample notes and illustrations, of several narratives derived from documents used by Foxe and Strype in their laborious researches. Many aspersions have been cast by open or concealed enemies of the Reformation on the veracity of Foxe. Many, influenced by a feeling that his partisans assumed for the Martyrologist undue weight, so that his "Acts and Monuments" was ranked as almost equal to the Acts of the Apostles, have been too ready to admit his errors. It is generally acknowledged that though he was influenced by the prejudice and partiality of the times, though he was often imposed upon, and though his exulting language over the calamities of persecutors evince a merciless spirit, yet his works exhibit general honesty and truthfulness, and form a most valuable record of the *Mariana tempora*.

The Rev. J. E. Mayor has contributed two of the most valuable of these narratives regarding the character and life of Cranmer, from a manuscript in Benet College, Cambridge, written by Mr. Ralph Morice, Cranmer's secretary, "witness and drawer of this story." It is said by some, that the life of Cranmer, like that of Sir Robert Peel, is an ambiguity; but the grosser calumnies against him, so studiously propagated by writers of a certain school a few years ago, have been refuted most successfully; the paper before us shows that the story of his being of mean origin, and himself once an hostler, had the very slightest semblance of foundation. The first paper in the volume is one addressed to John Foxe in 1579—the reminiscences of John Louth, archdeacon of

Nottingham, whose father had been murdered when the writer was an infant, by monks of Sawtre. Louth's opposition to them had arisen, not from horror of their doctrinal teaching, but of their wanton and licentious practices. Among others these papers contain notices of Anne Kyme or Askew, who was first racked or tortured, and then burnt, in the last year of the reign of Henry VIII., for "Zuinglianisme, Calvinisme, and denying the reall presence." Both her character and the fact of the torture have furnished ground for dispute; an unhappy forced marriage, and her leaving her husband, have afforded colour for attacking her moral character; and Dr. Lingard is incredulous as to the story of the rack, which the narratives in this book pretty clearly establish. Another interesting paper is an anecdotal biography of Edward Underhill, one of the band of gentlemen-pensioners, whose contest at Stratford-on-the-Avon, on taking the Pyx from the altar, reminds us of Westerton v. Liddell of the present day, of course making allowances for the more civilised modes of attack in modern times. A chronicle by a monk of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, supplies a narrative of events from 1532 to 1537, when the dispersion of the religious communities took place—annals which are mentioned under that name by Strype, in the preface to his memorials of Cranmer. Another summary of ecclesiastical events in 1554 is also evidently contemporary.

The MSS. are published in the old English of the time, but all difficult expressions are fully explained in the notes, critical, illustrative, and explanatory, which make up one half of the volume. All who enter deeply into original writings of the time, will find the present collection of use and interest, and for the benefit of the more critical student of language, an ample glossarial index is added of words, phrases, proverbs, oaths, religious names of reproach, and *soubriquets*. Such terms as *Scarborow warning* are explained in the notes, and this phrase, we may add, is one pretty nearly equivalent to the better-known phrase of "Jeddart justice." *Hot gospellers and mump-sims*, indicative respectively of new and old parties, are more generally known. We may notice, in conclusion, an expression less understood, and which has given rise to a good deal of discussion. Mr. Underhill quotes what is probably the original of the term to "curry favour"—

"He thatt wylle in courtie abyde,  
Must cory favelle bake and syde."

*Favelle* is not a corruption of favour, nor yet of *fabul*, Latin *fabula*, but is the name of a steed, so called from the bright tawny colour, from *fulvus*, and the opposite of *sovell*, dark. To "cory favelle bake and syde," then, is doing to a person what is agreeable, just as thoroughly currying a horse back and side would be grateful to that animal.

#### SCARSDALE.\*

THIS novel does not come up to the average of those usually issued at the Cornhill press. It is by no means a carelessly-written tale; it betrays no want of vigour on the part of the author; the amount of knowledge contained in the volumes is considerable; scenes of stirring adventure and noble daring are related, and to a certain extent related well; but in spite of the talent displayed in "Scarsdale," the book fails, just where a novel should be most successful—in exciting the interest and attention of the reader. We cannot expect that the author of "Scarsdale" will agree with us in this opinion: there are some passages in which, if we are not

\* *Narratives of the Days of the Reformation, chiefly from the Manuscripts of John Foxe, the Martyrologist*. Edited by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. (Printed for the Camden Society.)

\* *Scarsdale; or Life on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Border, Thirty Years Ago*. 3 vols. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.)



mistaken, he takes a special pride; but he should remember that true power makes itself felt without any apparent effort, and that no research into local traditions and manners, and no accumulation of incident, will ever compensate in a tale for the lack of harmony in its adjustment, and the warm glow of individual life. There is a variety of characters in "Scarsdale," but none of them have enough flesh and blood in their composition to leave a strong impression on the memory. Moreover, little expectation is raised during the perusal of the story, and there is little curiosity to be gratified at the end. There is in reality no plot, and therefore no unexpected conclusion. We know perfectly well that Sir Guy's daughter will marry Lord Pendleborough, and that Miss Hollingsworth will in all probability be united to Colonel Vavasour, or that, if this should not take place, neither Helen herself nor the reader will be greatly concerned in consequence. Perhaps, on the whole, the French Duke is the feeblest character in the book. The conception has not power enough to atone for its extravagance, and the wretched man comes into the narrative and goes out of it in the most awkward way imaginable. Young Holte, the doctor, interests us as much as any one in the volumes, but though brought forward prominently through the greater portion of the tale, he has no definite share in the conclusion.

"Scarsdale" may be, and we hope is, a maiden novel. In that case, we shall expect to meet the author some day under more favourable circumstances. Let him remember that theories of political economists and descriptions of social life in peculiar places and localities, must, if inserted at all, be so blended with the narrative as to form part of an organic whole, and that the smallest incidents should be clearly and firmly united to the main chain of the narrative. As a parting word of advice, too, we would commend him to eschew the use of French words, for no lover of a good English style can tolerate such a hybrid composition as is produced from their continual recurrence in "Scarsdale." As one instance among others, we may remark that the word *fierte* is so frequently mentioned in connection with the character of Mabel, as to become ludicrous, if it were not sickening. Fine language, too, and high-flown sentiment, should be utterly eschewed in a modern novel.

Scarcely anything can be in worse taste than such a rhapsody as the following:—

"Oh, marvellous mystery of the tender virgin nature—who shall ever truly paint its sacred repose, its serene heavenly constancy, pure as the azure, or its saintly emotions, which throb like the magnetic pulses of nature, all pervading and dominant? Oh, Ondine of crystalline purity and transparent truth, whose repose reflects heaven and all natural beauty, and whose agitation sparkles with light, ripples into music, murmurs harmony, whispers peace! Why, oh why, Ondine, art thou ever fickle, frail, or treacherous! a deep pool in which swell the bloated corpse like victims of despair! or a shallow shoal on which the heart lies torn and bleeding?"

But even this is exceeded by the following fragment of a conversation between Sir Guy and his young daughter:—

"Our Antinous of Rome, Vienna, and Madrid is, he tells me, in a lonely manor-house of Blackstone Edge with no companions but keepers, shepherds, and miners; and hearing of our arrival, he has sent a groom to ask when he may come down from Robin Hood's Seat to Scarsdale."

"I did not know that he had any manors in this country."

"Where has he not? His possessions here in mines and quarries would make an appanage for a separate peerage."

"He seems to relish the life of a hunter, but

after watching chamois on the Dachstein of the Saltz Kammergut, or the izzard or bear on the Maladetta, or after raids with the Kirgish in their goat-hair tents on the Altai, or with the Bedouins in the valley of the Euphrates, one would think the grouse on Blackstone Edge, or the red deer in an island glen of his Scotch principality, a tame pursuit."

"But the yacht which threads the Scotch lochs, also carries him to the fiords of Norway, to the Gulf of Gothland, to the rocky inlets of Galway, and to Iceland. You do not seem to give him credit for interest in the wild human creatures bred in each of these natural fastnesses."

"No doubt, the miner, the shepherd, the forester, and the bog-trotter, serve as a picturesque contrast to the Bedouin, the Turkoman, the contrabandista, the Carinthian boor, the Tyrolese on the Rauritz taumern, or the Swiss guide over the Col de Ferret."

The author of "Scarsdale" proposes, if this tale prove successful, to follow it up by some others in which "the growth of our manufactures and modern commercial society would be depicted." We do not discern in the present novel any evidence of that creative and imaginative genius which can alone impart life and interest to such an undertaking.

### NEW NOVELS.

*The Nevilles of Garretstown; a Tale of 1760.* 3 vols. (London: Saunders, Otley, and Co.) As a novel, this work is a failure. The characters are so numerous that the author cannot divide his plot amongst them; so that some of them are obliged to content themselves with looking interesting or picturesque instead of acting. The plot is too improbable; the incidents too much crowded together. As a book full of pictures of Irish life as it existed a hundred years ago, "The Nevilles of Garretstown" is valuable and highly interesting. It is evident that the writer has a thorough knowledge of Irish character; and aided by considerable research, has very amusingly and very successfully speculated on the effect which would be produced on that character by the extraordinary state of Irish affairs—political and social—in the year of grace 1760. Of course, we must expect some descriptions which startle us a good deal, but then we must remember the time and country to which they refer. Some few of the anecdotes related are perhaps to be seasoned *cum grano salis*; however, of each of them it may be said, *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*. Our novel opens with a picture of "Coming to the Assizes." We see the *cortege* of the Right Honourable Walter Derinzy, M.P., and the rich liveries of the stalwart yeoman, who, fifty in number, are well mounted and armed with sword and pistol. The ladies of the party are drawn by six splendid grays, and—but we must not be accused of imitating a certain exquisitely-fashionable journal, and will turn our attention to another equipage of a somewhat more original and primitive character. This is the "turn-out" of a wealthy Roman Catholic gentleman, a Mr. Barnwell. An advanced guard, unmistakably Irish in dress and physiognomy, "unarmed," as the author tells us, "except with shillelaghs," introduce a "car of somewhat fantastic form, drawn by four oxen, almost milk-white, of unusual magnitude and beauty. Before this singular vehicle stalked two mountaineers of almost gigantic stature, each bearing a hunting pole of about fifteen feet high." Now, the reason why Mr. Barnwell adopted this very remarkable method of travelling, was that—astonishing as it may appear now-a-days—the penal enactments against the Roman Catholics forbade a gentleman of that persuasion to possess a horse the value of which exceeded five pounds. We have no doubt that, even at that time, such a law was looked on as a dead letter, except in cases where special persecution was intended. Barnwell, however, was too proud to evade the law, and so oxen had the honour of conveying his family to the town of Clonmel. Carleton, in his well-known descriptions of his countrymen, gives us no more life-like sketch than is afforded by the

author of "The Nevilles of Garretstown," when he presents his reader with a picture of "a funeral and a faction." To those of our readers who are familiar with Dublin, and indeed to those who are not, the "Visit to the Four Courts in 1751" will convey astonishment and cause a smile. These seats of learning and justice were at that time adjacent to Christ's Church Cathedral, and shared with that venerable edifice in the accommodation of a common courtyard, which was—we blush to record it—called "Hell." But Irish ground and Irish character are not the only sources of our author's inspiration. He takes us to France, and shows us some types of society as it then existed in that country. Monsieur de Mortagne is a capital representative of the elegant, reckless, freethinker of that day. The reading public have to thank the author of "Emilia Windham" for presenting them with this work. We learn from the preface that the author of this novel is no longer alive.

*The Luck of Ladysmede.* In 2 vols. (William Blackwood and Sons, 1860.) We scarcely think, on the whole, that the "Luck of Ladysmede" was worth reprinting. As most of our readers know, it appeared originally in the pages of "Blackwood's Magazine," and in fact its style of composition sufficiently indicates that it was written at intervals and piecemeal. There is a great want of consistent, coherent plot, and when he has finished, the reader is considerably at a loss to discover what has been the connecting thread of the story. He may remember many striking scenes, and one or two fairly-written dialogues; but he searches his recollection in vain for any ground-plot running through the whole. Not only is the "Luck of Ladysmede" without a hero or heroine, but there is no character for whom we can summon much interest. There are far too many figures on the canvas, and with none of them has sufficient pains been taken. Again, the novel is very seriously devoid of originality, and to ourselves it seemed no more than a dilution of the famous "Ivanhoe." The incidents are laid in the same time, are of a very similar character, and some of the actors are in many points strangely like Front de Boeuf and his crew. Still the author in many parts shows no small power, and we believe if he were to write his next story with more care, were to have fewer characters, and take more pains in each, and if he read less of Scott, that he would produce an almost first-rate fiction.

*The Queen's Pardon.* By Mary Eyre. (London: James Blackwood.) The "Queen's Pardon" displays all the confidence which might be displayed by an old and esteemed writer, coupled with all the faults which usually rise up in judgment against the efforts of the young beginner. The plot is tolerably simple, but exceedingly unnatural. A young man, who acts as overseer to an employer, from whom he has received many benefits, detects his master's son in the act of robbing his own father's strongbox. He (the *employee*) is found in the room with the violated property; refuses to give an account of himself, determines that he will not betray the son of his benefactor, and he is accordingly transported. He never, until his innocence is proclaimed by the real culprit on his deathbed, reveals the mystery to any one. His wife and family, on whom he has brought disgrace and misery, believe him guilty, and he spends many years in a penal settlement. When his character is at last cleared, he is compensated by the authoress with the gift of an earldom. Her Majesty, however, only pardons him for a crime which he never committed, and gives him no pecuniary satisfaction, at which our authoress is very wrath. She must not forget, however, that William Grey need not have been transported had he not chosen. Mrs. or Miss Eyre's style is remarkable—we may call it the typographical style. Whole lines of italics call on the reader for sympathy; whilst the authoress's just indignation evaporates in the largest capitals. However, many persons will be found who will derive sincere pleasure from the "Queen's Pardon." Overlooking the plot, and the numerous faults which disfigure the work, there are in this novel passages of far more than ordinary merit. The characters both of William and Alice Grey are well and carefully drawn, especially the latter.

## SHORT NOTICES.

*The Existence of the Deity Evidenced by Power and Unity in Creation, from the Results of Modern Science.* By Thomas Woods, M.D. (London: Richard Bentley. 1860.) Every attempt to throw a new light upon the existence and attributes of the Deity, must possess a deep interest for the serious and reflecting mind; and so far we think the little volume before us is well worthy of perusal. But the object of the author is more ambitious. He addresses himself to the infidel world. He is careful to mention the two grand theories which have been suggested to account for the present state of the material world. First, that given by the Atomists, who imagine that the earth is a chance collection of atoms floating through space so as to form masses, and that these masses, by another effect of chance, have fallen into certain places and combinations, so as to form the material world. Then the theory of Laplace, who considers that the solar system was once a vaporous mist composed of all the present bodies it contains, and that gradually this vapour condensed, ring after ring being cast off consolidating into smaller masses, and that their motions resulted from the attraction of the several parts, and an original motion common to the whole mass. These theories are different, but each rejects the being and attributes of God; and our author conceives that an examination of certain facts respecting the arrangement and molecular construction of matter, is calculated to force upon those who adopt them, a conviction of the existence of a single, omnipotent, all-pervading power, and so bring them to the acknowledgment of a God. We confess that we are not so sanguine. It is hardly to be believed that the man who looks upon the fair proportions of a palace or temple, and sees in its marvellous beauty or multiplied conveniences only a chance conglomeration of atoms, would be convinced of the existence of a master-mind and contriving power, from the examination of a single brick or stone, curious and interesting as might be the relation of its atoms and parts; and in this respect we fear our author's aim will be disappointed. The mind that can contemplate the varied face of nature—the wonders of the starry heavens—and say there is no God, would hardly be likely to be convinced by any speculations or discoveries of the geologist or astronomer, however interesting or wonderful they might be. What may be called a second part of this work is devoted to a perfectly distinct and different subject. From the general consideration of the existence of God, the author diverges into a treatise upon the plan of salvation, and gives at some length his views upon this most important, yet very different, portion of theology. He produces nothing of novelty. His views seem to be those held by many excellent, pious, and consistent men. But when we quote such passages as these: "No one takes the offer of God. It is only those who were compelled to come in that fill the house."—"There are no commands given to the general mass of mankind to live righteously."—"All epistles—even the sermon on the mount—are written to the saved alone."—"No persons, except saints, are desired to do good." "God applies the remedy for sin to a man without his concurrence, and in salvation nothing depends on man himself,"—he indicates at once a system which, much as we respect and love many who adopt it, we cannot see is proved by Holy Scripture, taught by our Church, or held by the great mass of Christians. With this free, but not unfriendly expression of our opinion, we can honestly recommend the perusal of this little volume. It is the work of an investigating, philosophical, and above all, a serious mind. There is much to interest the Christian, if not enough, as we think, to convince the infidel; and as subsidiary to the grand and imposing evidences afforded of the existence of Deity in all around, about, within us—it will not be without its own and especial value.

*Religious Tendencies of the Age.* (Saunders, Otley, and Co.) An adequate estimate of the religious thought of the age, its tendencies, and the signs of the times, is an inquiry of the utmost importance, and involves great difficulties through the magnitude of the subject. Bearing this in mind,

we are not disposed to pass a harsh judgment on the author of this treatise, though we scarcely think he is quite adequate to his task. The object of the treatise is set forth in very large terms, "to give an outline of the opinions of the chief sections of Christianity in these lands, to elucidate the general principles that underlie them, and describe the efforts of the human mind to solve that great problem of theology, the legitimate province of private judgment." It is divided into six chapters, headed, "Private Judgment," "The Church of Rome," "High Churchism," "Latitudinarianism," "Practical Christianity," and "The Signs of the Times." The author is actuated by an excessive spirit of partiality towards the Church of Rome, and wishes to set forward the opinions of its adherents from their own point of view. He thus almost ignores all consideration of the general effect of the system on liberty and civilisation. "It can hardly be said that the doctrine of the bodily presence has been cherished in every age and in every church." This is not giving a full view of that important question, as it was not till the period of the Council of Trent that the doctrine, as held by Roman Catholics, assumed its most objectionable development. There is a wish, perhaps unknown to the author himself, to soften the differences between High Churchism and the Church of Rome. An Anglican Churchman may have very extreme notions of the divine right of Episcopacy and the efficacy of sacraments, without being compelled to sympathise with the Papal system. Again, in discussing the views of Latitudinarians and Evangelicals, we do not think a clear estimate is presented to us. Surely there are many of the Church of England who neither fall into the errors of an extreme portion like those described here as Evangelicals, nor of the Latitudinarian, who cannot attach the idea of error to any doctrine held conscientiously. We are disappointed in the chapter entitled "Practical Christianity." We hoped there to have found a sketch of some form of doctrine and practice which should avoid the errors of the various branches previously discussed. But several pages are taken up in discussing whether a soldier is not bound to judge for himself as to the cause in which he fights being a just one. As a citizen of a free country he may be, but in his capacity as a soldier we know not what state of society, as now constituted, could exist under the view suggested here. It is said that the "efficiency of our churches is visibly and rapidly declining." In one point of view, this may be true. The author may intend taking the context into account. Nevertheless, we hope their influence for good, extending the knowledge of practical Christianity, and advancing the interests of the lowest classes, morally and socially, is not declining. The assertion is true so far as the influence of the clerical element on thought may extend, in so far as it may be opposed to the views of laymen. Our lay writers may mould character and form the opinions of the age more than previously, in consequence of the general diffusion of knowledge amongst them, but we hope, in the union of the two elements, whether by the extension of the spirit of congregational association, as advocated by Bunsen in his "Signs of the Times," or otherwise, that the problem will be solved in the direction in which religious thought and practice should tend. Though many of the sentiments of our author are worthy of approbation, and in some respects a contribution is made towards the elucidation of a difficult subject, we think the question is far from being exhausted by the present treatise.

*Edinburgh Veterinary Review and Annals of Comparative Pathology.* No. VI. (Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox; London: Simpkin & Marshall.) Each number of this "Review" affords fresh proof of the admirable manner in which it is conducted. Veterinary surgery is at length taking its proper professional grade. Its professors are well educated, both in general and comparative anatomy. The diseases of the horse are well understood, and the ignorant pretence of the ordinary farrier is constantly exposed. The consequence is, that the lives of many valuable animals are saved, which were formerly sacrificed through the conceit and unscientific treatment of persons who had no kind of knowledge of animal structure, and applied their

nostrums to the quadruped, with about as much efficacy as old women prescribe their herbs for the alleviation of disease in the human race. There is a clinical lecture in the April number of this "Review," on "Pricking and Binding by Nails in Shoeing," by Mr. Gamgee, senior, of the Edinburgh New Veterinary College. It exposes the dangers horses are subjected to at the common forge, and is illustrated by cases of lameness resulting from unskilful shoeing. It is astonishing how great an amount of temporary and even permanent lameness arises from this cause; grooms go hand in hand with some neighbouring farrier; the owner of the horse becomes acquainted with the mischief, a veterinary surgeon is called in, who finds the frightful injuries which have been caused by "pricking and binding," rendered worse by the means employed to produce a cure, at a time very often when it is too late to put in force a judicious and rational treatment. The articles on the "Medico-legal Duties of Veterinary Practitioners," and "Veterinary Education," are written in a fair and liberal spirit; in fact, the entire "Review" is full of interesting, valuable, and instructive matter.

*Enoch: A Poem.* In Three Books. By Robert Stafford, M.A. (London: Longmans.) Mr. Stafford possesses fine taste, a most musical ear, and a keen appreciation of the elder sons of song, the heroic poets. This enables a man of cultivated mind to appreciate the highest order of poetry, and to produce without difficulty verses of a certain order of merit. This power of appreciation is frequently enough confused with the faculty of creation; but the desire and the ability to excel are two very different things. We are afraid that Mr. Stafford belongs neither to the first, the second, nor the third rank of poets; but he will hold an honourable place among those who please by harmonious and graceful versification, and a spirit of purity and tenderness that cannot fail to enlist the warmest sympathy. Nevertheless, there is a certain mastery of epithet and there are passages of considerable power, that occasionally surprise us, and makes us suspect that we may be most agreeably disappointed in the estimate we have formed of Mr. Stafford's poetic genius. There is certainly so much promise in this little volume that we should meet Mr. Stafford again with great pleasure and interest. The following passage is a fair specimen of his style:—

"Or here another, with a frenzied look  
And wild entranced eye, stood watching still  
The last long anguish of her dying babe;  
And o'er that breaking vase of delicate life  
Hung her loose veil, in white and waving folds,  
As o'er the night a woe of milky stars,  
And others hung around them, solemnised,  
Lining the creep of death, and hushed at life  
Fading, like sunset, into the deep of heaven.  
Most still they stood, most quiet, as though they heard  
Unearthly footsteps in the pestilent air,  
And felt the breath of far eternity  
Blowing upon their cheeks, and the weird spell  
Of infinite silence dropped upon the world!  
But at the last strong throes of little Death—  
Just ere life's frail spring broke with rattling hush—  
'She's gone,' they whispered; yet she was not gone,  
But in her Father's bosom lost to view.  
So doth the dear hen hide her nestling brood  
Beneath the soft roof of her feathered breast,  
Or earth conceal her seed, to rise in time,  
And bloom upon the face of orient morn:  
Thus, the sweet hope of life, victorious  
E'en in the jaws of Death, and plucking thence  
The burning instinct of immortal power,  
Self-balanced on the sweep of angels' wings,  
Mounting, like light, to glory and to God!"

*Aus Westminster-Abtei.* Von Friedrich Wilhelm Rogge. If a collection were to be made of all the poems, essays, and other effusions, of which Westminster Abbey has been the moving cause, the shelves of a good-sized library would probably hardly contain it. We can imagine no one so ignorant, no one so hard, as not, on first visiting that hallowed shrine where the generations of England's great forefathers sleep, to be overwhelmed with a flood of moving recollections. Unfortunately, however, in proportion as feelings are strong, people are apt to consider them as new, and experience some gratification in explaining to the world how they can on occasion be touched. Hence we have "Sonnets on Westminster Abbey," "Lines written in Westminster Abbey," and so on, too numerous for record: various, also, in character, as countless in number. We must not, however, forget, when wearied



with the most miserable commonplaces, expressing themselves in feeble versification, that here, too, the noblest emotions of the noblest spirits have found vent in burning words. It were scarcely to be expected that a German traveller, especially if gifted with some power of poetic expression, would escape the common fate, and we feel sure that impressionable as the Germans naturally are, few of them would be able to deny that, on turning away from the abbey's sacred walls, he had felt himself oppressed with an emotion only by-verse to be relieved. Herr Friedrich Wilhelm Rogge is at least no exception to the rule. He, like so many others, has been compelled to moralise over the graves of kings and statesmen, and of course to publish his reflections. They are contained in the modest, pretty little volume which we have now before us. If we felt at first but a languid interest in one more poem on the abbey, we will confess to having been, on an inspection of it, rather agreeably surprised. Herr Rogge has indeed no very new ideas on the subject to impart, but whatever he wishes to say, he says gracefully and well. His stanzas flow on in a pleasant and not unmelodious course. Above all, there are not too many of them. He passes by the grave of poets and philosophers, but his song is not consecrated to them; they need not the marble statue or inscription which mark their resting-place—they live in the memories of after-ages; but he lingers over the monuments of kings, and heroes, and statesmen, and mournfully puts into verse those thoughts which are usually suggested by a comparison of the festive noise and gorgeous pageantry of a world of state with the cold silence of the tomb. We do not propose to follow Herr Rogge as he wanders from chapel to chapel, and questions his moral consciousness, and demands—

"For what is all the glory of the world,  
If it to dust and ashes moulder must?"

nor to pursue, with him, the trains of thought which were suggested, as he mused by the graves of Mary Stuart or Strafford, or on the fate of the "hero Oliver, once laid within those walls with pomp and honour, hereafter to be cast forth and dishonoured by base hangman's hands." We will only say in conclusion that, in our judgment, any intelligent German tourist would find this little book a pleasant pocket companion when he first visits Westminster, and would probably feel, as he read it, that it was the echo of his own sentiments, and would be disposed to thank his countryman for having put for him his own impressions in so clear and musical a form.

*Poems.* By W. H. Holcombe, M.D. (New York : Mason Brothers). It seems an established formula with certain American writers, of poetry especially, to set critics at defiance in their preface. And to this rule Dr. Holcombe is no exception. It seems he has had little leisure to cultivate the muses during fifteen years' exercise of the medical profession, in which we hope his admiration of the "beautiful psychological doctrines of Swedenborg" has not compromised the health of his patients; and criticism probably may be thrown away upon our author. We have not, of course, time here to enter on a discussion of the mystic doctrines of the New Church; but those who are not familiar with the writings of Swedenborg, may find enough to satisfy them in notes given in the Appendix. These we must bear in mind, if we are to make the slightest attempt to understand many of the philosophico-poetic fancies of our author. So far as some of his pieces, illustrating the innocence of children, and parents' hopes of re-union with them in heaven, are concerned, we may attribute to them a degree of merit not greatly below the average of the effusions of any ordinary cultivated mind. But what shall we say of such poems as the "Wild Re-Union," and the "Mystic Garden," which requires a running commentary to make it intelligible even to Transatlantic notions? There is great inequality in different pieces. Some, such as the "Streamlet's Warning," the "Hero's Grave," and others, where natural ideas alone are expressed, may not be objectionable. "The Desecrated Chapel," a Swedish legend, detailing a sailor's superstition, is easy and pleasant. But when we come to such poetic descriptions as compose by far the greater part of the volume, as "Transcendentalism," "Spiritual Vision," "The New Thanatopsis,"—we are inclined to close the book in disgust,

and recommend our reader, unless a Swedenborgian, fairly to do the same. We turned, with hopes of some relief, to the last sixty pages of the volume, containing a tragedy in two acts. It is denominated "Agathe." Agathe was a priestess of Diana, and sister of Elpena, both being children of the murdered brother of a Grecian King. Lycander returns from Troy, where his valour had distinguished him, but frantic from the workings of conscience upbraiding his crime. Without much reason or taste, Agathe is made to perish by poison, given her by a friend in case her uncle should offer violence to her, as we suppose one tragic termination, in the execution of just punishment on the tyrant in retribution of his deeds, is not sufficient for an American public. Certainly the correspondence of ideas in this tragedy, with such as are to be met with in the master-pieces of the classics, is wholly put out of sight: but to such criticism, as well as to our notice of many marks of slovenliness in versification, and liberal use of terms such as "co-work," "tangling one's own feet," our author is, we presume, quite indifferent; and therefore we shall not regret if this notice puts our reader on his guard against consuming time in attempting to judge the demerits of the volume.

*About London.* By J. Ewing Ritchie. (London: William Tinsley.) We can give to this work our heartiest praise. "About London" is written by one whose object is as much to instruct as to amuse, and who succeeds without any apparent effort in doing both. We say without any apparent effort, because Mr. Ritchie's sketches are too bold to be stiff, his style too fluent and natural to be laboured. Notwithstanding this, "About London" displays an amount of industrious research very rarely met with, and a knowledge of men and manners which only experience—and active experience, moreover—can supply. That—

"The boiling town keeps secrets ill,"

is true enough. That he must rise early, and rest late, have a quick eye, and a sharp ear to boot, who would play the part of Nature's eavesdropper successfully, is equally true. The admirer of sentiment, the lover of the marvellous, will each find food for pleasure here: the sentiment is healthy, and as to the marvels, figures and facts unite to convince us that though the East, as introduced to us by the "Arabian Nights," is queer, Bagdad is decidedly "slow" compared to London. Our neighbours' affairs are chatted about in a way which conduces to their glory and honour, whilst it amuses, instructs, and perhaps encourages us. We learn that London is paved with gold for the traveller, who bears with him such a charm as health and industry added to a little common sense furnish. We have instances of lads who have come to London homeless and friendless, strong only in heart and honest intention. We read how "the late Lord Mayor was but an office lad in the firm of which he is now the head." We are told of an M.P. who once blackened the shoes of his constituents. We are told that "our great Lord Chancellor, when employment was scarce, and money ditto, held a post as reporter and theatrical critic on the 'Morning Chronicle' newspaper." "Concerning cab" the author gives us some entirely original remarks, in proof of which we quote the first four lines of his article thereon: "One of the most blessed institutions of London is the cab. I prefer it to the 'bus, to equestrian exercise, and if I had a carriage of my own, I daresay I should prefer it even to that." *De gustibus non est disputandum*, Mr. Ritchie; but few indeed will agree in such an opinion. Our author evidently means the four-wheeled vehicle in most common use, because he speaks of the terrible danger of conveying persons attacked by contagious diseases in these cabs. It strikes us that not even the liveliest medical student would send a man attacked with small-pox to hospital in a Hansom. The author's remarks upon what he calls the "used up" state of society are too strongly put, though to a certain extent true. The only really weak part of this volume is its preface, or rather its "advertisement," as the author calls it. Therein Mr. Ritchie apologises for giving this book to the public, and states that his former works have been successful. If the author of three successful works feels bound to apologise for the production of a fourth effort,

how dreadfully abashed he must have been when he first "saw himself in print"!

*Shelley, and other Poems.* By J. A. Langford. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) Mr. Langford is an author who deserves to be distinguished somewhat above the ordinary crowd of poets, who come as thick as autumnal leaves. He is already favourably known to the public, having published, at first anonymously, "The Lamp of Life," the success of which induced him to put his name to a subsequent volume of "Poems of the Fields and Town," both of which works were noticed in our columns. In the one now before us, he retains his character for meritorious and unambitious descriptions of nature, and clear and fluent, if not vivid and striking, versification. The first piece here is a poem of about one thousand lines in upwards of a hundred stanzas, in laudation of Shelley. We are not disposed to estimate that gifted child of nature so highly as Mr. Langford does. We may accord that the former hatred and depreciation of Shelley were erroneous, and that a discerning public is now not unreasonably disposed to extenuate his errors. But it is rather too much to exalt him into a hero and martyr, driven into banishment, while the "sleugh-hounds (query, should not our author have written *sleuth* hounds?) of the law their prey with wanton cruelty pursued, and made this England dark to him." We regret, too, that a right-thinking person like Mr. Langford should have so strongly depicted the errors and shortcomings of all constituted authorities at the time Shelley "ran a muck" against them. It is a little of poetic exaggeration—but, to do them justice, almost the only example we find in these verses—to say that

"The seat miscalled of justice, was unjust;

The blood-stained instrument of shameless might;"

that "in the church was bigotry and hate;" "the throne had its high functions laid aside," and "that God's name and Christ's law were in all temples profaned." Neither can we altogether sympathise in admiration of the "fatal pyre," and the "glorious relics," and the "unconsumed heart," when Shelley's corpse was burnt, which rites common-sense must look on as ridiculous. But the descriptions and thoughts, with the partial exceptions we have noted, in these stanzas, are entitled to considerable praise. We could single out half a dozen of stanzas on "Italia"—land of art and song! Poor chastened one!—for one of which, as affording a good specimen of the author's style, we may find room:—

"And beautiful as beauty's self thou art;  
Adorned with every charm and every grace  
That sunny skies, bright hills, and lakes impart.  
The richest works of nature find a place  
Upon thy fruitful bosom: rivers trace  
Their murmurous courses through the vine-clad plain,  
Where winding tendrils fondly interlace,  
To bear their glowing burdens, whence men strain  
The ruby-tinted wine to gladden heart and brain."

We do not feel inclined, on account of his excessive admiration of Shelley, to blame the author for a supposed departure from the pure and manly-toned religious feeling which distinguished the "Lamp of Life." If any one is so disposed, the succeeding poem on "The Death of St. Polycarp" will serve as an antidote, though it does not give scope for so great originality of thought. We shall be excused if we say that a little more care in some of the verses will improve a second edition. The lines

"God's gift of beauty is perennial. The land  
He's touched approvingly for ever beams  
In all the loveliness of heaven,"

are undoubtedly commendable. Might not, however, a slight alteration in point of scanning, prevent the fastidious from over-criticising? We do not pretend to improve on Mr. Langford: but why not read

"Lands  
"He's touched approvingly for ever beam" &c.

"Wedded and Buried" is a short tale of country life pleasingly and naturally exhibited.

*Woodcroft, and its Elder Daughters.* (J. F. Shaw, 1860.) This interesting volume presents us with a picture of domestic life in the country, and introduces us to a family circle, surrounded by the influences of affection, education, and enchanting scenery, in a home hallowed by the pure atmosphere of religion. The simple events of the story are comprised in the short space of a summer visit, and its chief interest consists in the delineations of character and the animated descriptions with

which it abounds. We feel at once at home among the little circle, and enter cordially into their occupations, pleasures, and trains of thought. The character of Aunt Susan is especially attractive, and her winning counsels and lessons cannot fail to interest and profit, while the bright and joyous Arbella, the calm and gentle Amy, and the practical and intellectual Edith, have each their peculiar charm. The volume is interspersed with reflections on various subjects in the form of familiar essays, contributed by different members of the family party, among which we may notice those on "Reading," "Cheap Enjoyments," and "The Improvement of Time," as particularly interesting, and worthy the attention of those for whose benefit they are especially intended. The question of fancy work in connection with bazaars, which is here discussed, is of course an open one, which we will not presume to give a decided opinion on; it is a fair subject for argument, and there is doubtless much to be said on both sides. Meanwhile, we heartily recommend the *Elder Daughters of Woodcroft*, not only as the pleasant companions of a passing hour, but as examples for all who wish to contribute to the comfort and happiness of home.

*Ebb and Flow.* By R. W. Fraser. (London: Houlston and Wright.) In "Ebb and Flow; or, the Curiosities of the Sea Shore," Mr. Fraser, a clergyman, we believe, of the Free Church of Scotland, has added another work of interest to engage the sympathies of the young. It is not always easy to find an author who can write clearly and popularly on scientific subjects, but Mr. Fraser, who has also written "Elements of Physical Science," and other works of that description, has, we think, succeeded well. As he tells us in his preface, though the book partakes a good deal of the nature of a compilation, he presents us with a great variety of topics, such as the phenomena of tides and currents, the conformation of rocks, the plants, fishes, and birds of the shore, calculated eminently to interest the attentive and intelligent mind.

*There is no such Thing as a Trifle.* By Mrs. William Johnson. (London: Darton and Co., Holborn Hill.) The title chosen by Mrs. Johnson for her useful little book is particularly felicitous. While suitable for children it contains much to interest the general reader. The story is simple and entertaining, combining all the charm of a work of fiction, without the usual absence of a sound moral. The engravings are particularly worthy of attention, being executed with a care and artistic finish that prove the original drawings to have been made by one well acquainted with the art.

*A Handbook of Book-keeping, by Single and Double Entry.* (London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.) The object of this work is to exhibit concisely the principles of book-keeping, and to make the subject familiar to "those of ordinary capacity," chiefly by means of examples. Of the excellence of this method we need not speak. The old Latin saying is no doubt true—*Longum est iter per præcepta breve et efficax per exempla.*

*Harper's School and Family Series.* By Marcius Willson. (New York: Harper. London: Sampson Low.) We have great pleasure in recommending to the English public this series of school-books from America. It consists of a number of volumes gradually ascending from a simple primer and the alphabet up to a high reading book. The system and the graduation are excellent. We know of no school-books published in our own country which will serve the purposes of education so well as this series, and we believe it will supersede most of the old-fashioned and unsystematic works now used in our schools.

*Collected Works of Dugald Stewart.* Supplementary volume. (Edinburgh: Constable.) In the preface to his latest work, "The Active and Moral Powers," Dugald Stewart regretted that he had not been able to accompany all the quotations with an English version, and hoped that if ever his works reached a second edition, some friend would undertake the office. Accordingly, the supplementary volume before us contains a concise and literal translation of the various French, Latin, German, and Greek quotations, found in the writings of the great Scotch philosopher.

Our Year, a Child's Book in Prose and Verse.

(Macmillan.) This pretty little volume is from the same pen as the popular novel, "John Halifax, Gentleman." It is pleasant to see a writer of reputation and talent stoop to publish a child's book of so genial a character as this. After all, it requires no ordinary power for a grown-up person to write a good child's book, and it is said that some of the best of our household nursery stories came from Oliver Goldsmith. The one before us is pleasant and amusing, without being what so many of its class are—nonsensical.

*Margaret and her Bridesmaids.* (London: Hurst and Blackett.) This popular novel forms the eleventh volume of "The Standard Library of Cheap Editions of Modern Works." The book itself is too well known to need any criticism here. We are sure the public will welcome its re-issue in the present convenient and cheap form.

### THE MAGAZINES.

"Cornhill Magazine" for July. The new number of the "Cornhill" opens after a truly regal fashion. Upon the whole, it is perhaps the best number that has been yet issued. There are three pieces of poetry, each of them a perfect gem in its way, by Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Browning, and Thackeray himself. Mr. Thackeray has two other contributions to the number. The famous lectures on the Georges are now substantially transferred to print; the paper on George the First, beyond Mr. Thackeray's peculiar charm of manner, is eloquent, learned, and discriminative. He gives also another of the "Roundabout Papers," containing certain editorial revelations. The present paper on "William Hogarth," contains the best criticism with which we are acquainted of the *Rake's Progress*; but why does Mr. Sala so absurdly parody Mr. Thackeray's style? "The House that John Built," has some excellent retrospective touches on the old East India Company. The "Cornhill" is becoming famous for its scientific articles. They are evidently written by men among the most competent in the kingdom, whose luminous pages render the most difficult subjects clear to ordinary capacities. Such a paper is that on "Electricity, and the Electric Telegraph." The writer seems inclined to ascribe the first honour to an obscure Scotchman, who, more than a hundred years ago, sent a remarkable letter to the "Scots' Magazine," entitled "An Expeditious Method for Conveying Intelligence." In "Framley Parsonage," Mr. Trollope's prosperous clergyman obtains, through the Lord Pettybag and the Duke of Omnium, a prebendal stall; but he is so mixed up with horse transactions and bills, that the appointment assumes a simoniacal appearance that renders him exceedingly uncomfortable. We are quite embarrassed with the riches which the "Cornhill" presents. Instead of having to search for good articles, every article possesses rare merit: the poetical element, we think, predominating in excellence this month.

"Macmillan's Magazine" for July. "Macmillan" continues its succession of grave and thoughtful articles. Mr. Ludlow, whose remarks on Michelet's "Spiritualistic Materialism" in another number excited so much attention, furnishes a paper on the literature of French Switzerland, which he calls one of the gold-fields of intellect. It is the land whence sprung Guizot and Sismondi, Dumont, Madame de Staël, Rousseau, and a host of the most famous names in the literary history of France. Mr. Ludlow draws especial attention to the works of Madame de Gasparin, who is a native of this intellectually fertile spot. Though almost totally unknown in England, and till lately all but equally so in France, the great success which attended her last work, the "Near Horizons," published last year, seems to promise a large and extensive reputation. Of Alexander Smith's "Fair at Keady," we can only say that we think it a subject of regret that the author has quitted the field of poetry in which he gave such promise, and has taken to writing Irish stories. Mr. Fawcett, whose thoughtful pamphlet on "Reform" we noticed last week, follows with a short but pregnant article on "The Social and Economical Influences of the New Gold." By way of contrast with "Tom Brown at Oxford," which is continued with its usual heartiness and healthiness, we have the first part of "Mr. Bedlow; or, Reminiscences of American Col-

lege Life," from which it seems that American college life is much what college life is in England. The article on "Garibaldi and the Sicilian Revolution," is from the pen of the accomplished Count Saffi, than whom we know no man more fitted to speak with weight and knowledge. The verses entitled "All's Well" are not as good in the department of poetry as the rest of the articles in that of prose.

"Duffy's Hibernian Magazine." This is the first number of a new periodical from the sister isle. It does not possess that vigour which nearly every magazine or newspaper starts with, though few of them retain. Perhaps "Duffy's Hibernian Magazine" will prove an exception, and its first number be its weakest. The whole number is intensely Hibernian, as our readers may judge from the contents. Among the subjects are:—"The O'Donnells in Exile," "The O'Byrnes of Wicklow," "The Legend of Iniscathy," "The Battle of Clontibert," and a review of "Flaverty's History of Ireland."

### THE ALPS, NEAR THE GRIMSEL.

The death-pale glacier, and the herbless crag  
Lifting its smooth and red-veined nakedness  
To the cold crystal wintry blue of Heaven!—  
Unquickened chaos—blankest solitude  
That only wakes from silence to a sigh,  
As the wind flutters on from rock to rock.  
Death unto death! here let me rest awhile,  
Chilled to content by harmony of ruin,  
Between what now I look on and myself.  
Tis beautiful! but hushed, and cold, and still;  
The beautiful in Death's white garments clad,  
Bride of the grave, and mute before her lord.  
Who knows the tale of earth's unending change?  
Perchance beyond far myriads of years,  
This dumb and bleak and shattered wilderness  
Was clothed with life,—with forests of strange trees.  
Mighty and palm-like; and the song of birds  
More brightly winged than those of Indian birth;  
And the low hum of insects—eager life,  
The wild fantastic morning life of earth,  
Untamed beneath the tyranny of man.  
And then came desolation, and the roar  
Of earthquakes, and the green and teeming plain  
Was cracked and swola, and trembled up thro' flame  
In splintered rocks, and mountain peaks that smoked.  
Against the red and fire-flushed firmament.  
For all that live wait suffering, loss, and death;  
And after death (in whispers of the dead  
Some mourners say they've heard) come life all morning,  
And love that knows no change. Could Ida speak,  
Though but as one that dreameth in her sleep,  
No lover waits so constant for the smile  
He prays to light him from his lady's bower,  
As I would hang upon the grave to list  
That unvoiced music of her sleeping soul;  
And I would make me friends of Death, and beg  
A little pity for one whispered thought,  
A hint half-hidden, "We shall love again!"

The smileless glory of the Alps contents me;  
Their dim pine-forests, and the far-heard chant  
Of cloud-wreathed torrents; and the narrow world  
Of vales, shut in by rock-ribbed mountain walls:  
The Present here may hide him from the Past:  
But most I greet this unbreathed beautiful,  
This desolation wintry as my own. G. H. R.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT announce in their List of Publications for July:—Mr. Atkinson's new work, entitled "Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China, with Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis and the Hunting and Pastoral Tribes North of Japan," in 1 vol. with a map and 80 illustrations, uniform with the author's "Travels in Oriental and Western Siberia";—"The Narrative of a Residence at the Court of Meer Ali Mooraad, with Wild Sports in the Valley of the Indus," by Captain Langley, 2 vols. with illustrations;—"Bond and Free," a new novel by the author of "Caste," 3 vols.; and another novel entitled "High Church," in 2 vols. The new volume for July of Hurst and Blackett's "Standard Library of Cheap Editions" comprises "Margaret and her Bridesmaids."



## NEW BOOKS.

- Addison (C. G.), *Wrongs and their Remedies, Treatise on Law of Torts*, royal 8vo., 30s.  
 Aldis (C. J.), *Power of Individuals to Prevent Melancholy*, 8vo., 1s.  
 Balfour (Professor), *Botanical Companion, Directions for Use of the Microscope*, 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Bentley's Standard Novels—Village Belles, by Author of "Mary Powell," new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Beveridge (H.), *Comprehensive History of India*, vol. 1, royal 8vo., 20s.  
 Blackhall (S.), *Faithfulness to Our Stewardship, a Sermon*, 8vo., 1s.  
 Bohn's Cheap Series, Sandford and Merton, 12mo., 2s.  
 Bohn's Illustrated Library—Marryat's Settlers in Canada, 5s.  
 Bradshaw's Handbook of Bombay Presidency, 16mo., 10s.  
 Bradshaw's Itinerary of Great Britain, 1860, 2s. 6d. and 4s.  
 Braithwaite (W.), *Midwifery*, No. 4, 12mo., 1s.  
 " " *Retrospect of Medicine*, vol. 41, 12mo., 6s.  
 Buckland (F.), *Curiosities of Natural History*, 2nd series, 12mo., 6s.  
 Burko (Sir B.), *Vicissitudes of Families*, 2nd series, post 8vo., 12s. 6d.  
 Busk's Target Register, new edition, post 8vo., 1s.  
 Carter (F. T.), *Imitation of Our Lord Jesus Christ*, 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Chambers's Journal, vol. 12, royal 8vo., 4s. 6d.  
 Cheap Library—Sinclair's *June Bonfires*, 12mo., 1s.  
 Collis (J. D.), *Exercises in Greek Text, Æsop and Xenophon, for Translating into Latin*, 16mo., 1s.  
 Collis (J. D.), *History of Rome, for Translating into Latin*, 16mo., 1s.  
 Craik (G. L.), *Bacon, His Writings and His Philosophy*, new edition, 18mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Croly (Rev. G.), *Marston, or the Soldier and Statesman*, 3rd edition, 12mo., 2s.  
 Cumming (Dr.), *Sabbath Morning Readings, Daniel*, 12mo., 3s.  
 Cumming (Dr.), and French's *Hammer-smith Protestant Discussion*, new edition, post 8vo., 6s.  
 De Lamartine (A.), *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters (Europeans)*, post 8vo., 5s.  
 D'Orsey (A. J.), *Great Comet of 1858, a Poem*, 8vo., 1s.  
 Dodgson (Archdeacon), *Charge Delivered May, 1860*, 8vo., 1s.  
 Gardener's Weekly Magazine and Floricultural Cabinet, vol. 1, 8vo., 4s. 6d.  
 Gore (Mrs.), *Lord and Lord*, 12mo., 2s.  
 Greenwood's Under a Cloud, 3 vols., post 8vo., 31s. 6d.  
 Hensman (A. P.), *Handbook of the Constitution*, 12mo., 4s.  
 Hood (T.), *Memorials of, Edited by his Daughter*, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s.  
 How to Make a Will, new edition, 12mo., 1s.  
 Hurst and Blackett's Novels—Margaret and her Bridesmaids, 5s.  
 Illustrated Boy's Own Treasury, 12mo., 5s.  
 Jerrold (Douglas), *The Browning Papers*, post 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Johnson's *Rasselas*, by Rev. C. J. Hunter, 12mo., 4s.  
 Levi (L.), *On Taxation: How it is Raised, and How Expended*, post 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Livingstone (Dr.), *Cambridge Lectures*, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 6s. 6d.  
 Lytton (E. B.), *Ernest Maltravers*, new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Marmion (A.), *Ancient and Modern History of Maritime Ports of Ireland*, 4th edition, 8vo., 12s. 6d.  
 Massey (W.), *History of England during Reign of George III.*, vol. 3, 8vo., 12s.  
 Mensome (G.), *Guide to Bristol and Exeter Railway, &c.*, 1s.  
 " " *Guide to Great Western Railway*, new edition, 1s.  
 Monro (E.), *Basil the Schoolboy*, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Our Home Defences, 8vo., 1s.  
 Peter Parley's Wonders by Sea and Land, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Railway Library—Dumas (A.), *Doctor Basilus*, 12mo., 2s.  
 Redding (Cyrus), *French Wines and Vineyards*, post 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Ross (R.), *Outlines of English History for Junior Classes*, 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Run and Read Library—Sinclair (C.), *Journey of Life*, 12mo., 2s.  
 Ruse and Straker's Printing and Its Accessories, post 8vo., 21s.  
 Ruth Clayton, or the Contrast, new edition, 18mo., 1s.  
 Scott's Waverley Novels, Illustrated Edition—Kenilworth, vol. 2, 4s. 6d.; *Pirate*, vol. 1, 4s. 6d.  
 Shadow Land: A Story with a Purpose, post 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Sodor and Man (Bishop of), *Charge Delivered May, 1860*, 8vo., 1s.  
 Simeon (C.), *Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History*, post 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Symonds (J. C.), *Rough Notes on English Life*, post 8vo., 5s.  
 Thomson (S.), *Health Resorts of Great Britain*, 8vo., 5s.  
 Trench (R. C.), *Some Deficiencies in Our English Dictionaries*, 2nd edition, royal 8vo., 5s.  
 Trollope (Mrs.), *Father Estuac*, 12mo., 2s.

We have received the following:—

- "A New List of the Flowering Plants and Ferns of Devonshire." (Bosworth & Harrison.)  
 "The British Conversationalist." Third and enlarged series. (Houlston & Wright. 1860.)  
 "Easy Introduction to the Art of Letter-Writing." By J. R. Beard, D.D. (Manchester: John Heywood. London: Simpkin & Marshall.)  
 "Sanskrit Analogues." (Sampson & Low.)

MR. JAMES BLACKWOOD has the following works in preparation:—"Medical Missionaries; or Medical Agency Co-operative with Christian Missions to the Heathen." By Dr. Marley. "Flowers, Grasses, and Shrubs," a Popular Book on Botany, with Illustrations. By Miss Pirie.

## THE WEEK.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE thirtieth meeting of the British Association was inaugurated on Wednesday, at Oxford. The general meeting took place at four p.m., and was held in the Sheldonian Theatre, when the Prince Consort relinquished the honour of presiding in favour of his successor, Lord Wrottesley, and retired from the presidential chair. Lord Wrottesley's address was good in every way, neither too short nor too long, and exhibiting a considerable acquaintance with the progress of science. Generally speaking, after the commemoration Oxford is as desolate as Tadmor in the wilderness. The town goes quickly to sleep, like the enchanted city, vital animation is suspended, till the tenth of October rouses the place once more into life. But now Oxford exhibits the unwonted spectacle of liveliness in the long vacation. This year's meeting, the thirtieth, is probably far better attended than was last year's at Aberdeen, Oxford being both an easy and a favourite place of resort. Lord Wrottesley's address reads exceedingly well, and, after all the hard science, the conclusion, in a vein of unaffected eloquence, is very refreshing. The greatest activity is being displayed in all the sections. On Thursday evening there was a *conversazione*, with experiment, in the rooms of the new and splendid museum. On Friday, another *conversazione*, and also a lecture in the Sheldonian. All objects of interest are thrown open to the visitors, and the Union Society, by flinging open their beautiful rooms to them, have afforded the advantages of a first-rate club. Lord Derby followed Lord Wrottesley, and bore a fitting tribute to the excellent manner in which the Prince Consort had fostered the cultivation of literature and science ever since the period when destiny called him to fill a place so near the British Throne. The different sections will assemble in the rooms appointed for them, for the reading and discussion of reports and other communications, on Thursday, June 28; Friday, June 29; Saturday, June 30; Monday, July 2; and Tuesday, July 3, at eleven a.m. precisely. The sections and their places of meeting are:—

Mathematical and Physical Science.—The Convocation House. President: Rev. B. Price, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Oxford.

Chemical Science.—The University Museum. President: Mr. B. C. Brodie, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, Oxford.

Geology.—The University Museum. President: Rev. A. Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Geology, Cambridge.

Zoology and Botany, including Physiology.—The University Museum. President: Charles G. B. Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Botany, Oxford. (A sub-section of Physiology will be proposed in the General Committee, Wednesday, June 27—it will be held in the University Museum. President: G. Rolleston, M.D., Professor of Physiology, Oxford.)

Geography and Ethnology.—The Divinity School. President: Sir R. I. Murchison, G.C.St.S., D.C.L., F.R.S., Director of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom.

Economic Science and Statistics.—The Schools. President: Mr. Nassau W. Senior, late Professor of Political Economy, Oxford.

Mechanical Science.—The Schools. President: Mr. W. J. Macquorn Rankine, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Engineering, Glasgow.

## THE NEW SCHOOL OF ART, VAUXHALL.

On Wednesday, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales appeared for the first time in the metropolis, to take part in a proceeding of a public character, by laying the first stone of the New School of Art at Vauxhall, on the site of the celebrated gardens of that name. Since the year 1854, evening classes in drawing and modelling have been established in connection with the national school-rooms of Prince's Road, Lambeth, and under the superintendence of a master from the science and art department of Marlborough House. Since the commencement of the present year the increase in the

number of pupils has rendered necessary the fitting-up of additional rooms for them. Hence the projected building. A large number of the clergy and nobility were present.

## THE RUGBY SPEECHES.

The Rugby speeches were delivered on Tuesday last, in the Big School, before a large and fashionable audience. As is usual on such occasions, the head master, the Rev. Dr. Temple, read the list of old Rugbians who had obtained honours at Oxford and Cambridge during the last twelve months. The prizes were awarded as follow:—The Queen's gold medal for the best English essay on an historical subject, Ormesby. Latin essay, Pirie and Hammond. English verse, "The Fall of Venice," Rhoades. The scholars for 1860 are Barratt and Babington.

## SCRAPS AND SKETCHES.

Messrs. Christie and Manson will sell this day, at their rooms, King Street, St. James's, a selection of some of the most valuable of the very celebrated collection of pictures which have for upwards of a century adorned the mansion of Belvidere, Erith, Kent. These works were collected by Sampson Gideon, Esq., the great-grandfather of the present proprietor, Sir Culling Eardley, Bart., and are fully described in Dr. Waagen's supplemental volume. Among the number will be found—*The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin*, the renowned work of Murillo; a most important and beautiful work of Vandyck, commonly known as *The Family of the Duke of Buckingham*, but now ascertained to be that of *Sir Balthazar Gerbier*, equal to Rubens in power. Walpole alludes to this admirable work. A grand landscape by Claude with pictures by Giordano, Bassano, Carlo Dolce, Leonardo da Vinci, &c.

## MUSIC.

## HER MAJESTY'S.

Since the days of Lablache there has not been a better interpreter of the part of Dr. Bartolo in Rossini's "Barbiere di Siviglia" than the new bass-barytone, Signor Ciampi, who made his *début* at this house last week. In acquiring his services, Mr. E. T. Smith has decidedly gained the co-operation of the most accomplished buffo singer of the day, and one who will beyond all doubt ere long stand without a rival in that style of music. Everything is in Signor Ciampi's favour—years, voice, and stage carriage; it will, then, be his own fault if he do not become an established favourite among us. His impersonation of Dr. Bartolo was original in all points of view, and charmed because it was so. Musical audiences are tired with constant adherence to stage traditions, either in acting or singing; hence the enthusiasm that the development of any novel idea is sure to create among them. Bold however must be the singer who will depart from the beaten track, for should he fail in his endeavours to impart originality to his rôle he risks his reputation, and calls down the animadversions of critics, whose standard of merit is always success. Signor Ciampi, indeed, could well afford to try an experiment on his *début*. Abroad his reputation is made, here it has to be made; and truly on Tuesday night he took a wide step towards effecting his object. His Dr. Bartolo was studied in every act, in every note; and so thoroughly did he enter into the idiosyncracies of the love-sick tyrant, that it becomes difficult to discover where his weak points lie. His action is wonderfully expressive, and sometimes serves to render a passage telling to the audience which otherwise would have passed unheeded by them. It was evident on his first entry that an artiste, in the strictest sense of the word, stood before us, and that Rossini's Bartolo had at last been allotted to a singer and an actor who could do full justice to it. His powers in the former capacity were taxed in the air where he charges Rosina with corresponding with Almaviva, which, when sung, rarely elicits any marks of approbation, but which on this occasion obtained an encore as general as it was well deserved. Signor Ciampi may truly congratulate himself on this brilliant opening; we trust that it will encourage him to return to us as each season comes round. M. Gassier

sustained the part of Figaro with varied success; he was somewhat over-vivacious as the facetious barber. Signor Belart, as the Count Almaviva, acted and sang well; while Signor Vialetti's Basilio was as diverting as ever. Madame Alboni sang the music of Rosina's part with all the fluency and grace for which she stands unrivalled.

On Saturday night Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto" was revived with evident satisfaction to the patrons of this house. It is a matter of surprise that this charming work has been so little performed in London, considering that, when well sung, it never fails to commend itself to all by the elegance of its airs and by the liveliness of the action. Seldom as it has been played, the recollection of *cognoscenti* will go back to the time when it was cast with Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Grisi, Persiani, and Favanti, and they will call to mind the unequivocal success which attended its production. The artists, however, to whom was allotted on the present occasion the arduous task of doing justice to a work where scenic effect, and harmonious choruses, are wanting to insure public approbation, in no degree fell short of their talented predecessors, but interpreted Cimarosa's masterpiece with a fluency of vocalisation, and a vein of comicality, that earned for them additional laurels, and proved that music of the pure Italian school is still popular among us. It would be superfluous to enter into a detailed account of the plot of "Il Matrimonio Segreto," which is well known to every *habitué* of the opera. Suffice it at present to bestow a glance at the conduct of the performers. First, then, in the order of seniority, we turn to the Fidalma of Madame Alboni, who looked and acted the merchant's middle-aged sister to the life. It was evident from the first, that she was intimately acquainted with the style of the music, and had determined to use her best efforts to let her hearers perceive that she was so. In this it is almost needless to say she succeeded admirably. Without once being moved from her equanimity by the contentions of her nieces, she sustained a dignified composure throughout, which was as truthful to the composer's idea, as it was consistent with nature. If her impersonation of the part was worthy of unreserved commendation, equally so was her singing, which indeed approached as nearly to perfection as we ever heard it.

Madame Lotti as Carolina had evidently well studied her part, but in so doing, had not entered into the spirit of it. There was a stiffness in her acting that gave it an unnatural air. Although, we are ready to admit that a young lady secretly married to her father's clerk, would feel somewhat embarrassed in her relations with her parents after that event, yet we doubt whether she would play her part according to Madlle. Lotti's idea, which was rather too shallow and transparent, to our thinking. Among the aspirants to lyric honours, none is more likely to attain them, or more justly entitled to them, than Madlle. Vaneri, who always shows originality and conscientious study in whatever she undertakes. Her Elisetta was throughout an admirable piece of acting, neither aiming to give a spurious effect, by an overwrought exhibition of the feelings which stage tradition would allot to a young lady on the eve of becoming a countess, nor affecting a simplicity unbecoming a girl placed in that position; it was, in fine, even and graceful. Not less pleasing was Madlle. Vaneri's vocalisation, which, for steadiness and purity of tone, contrasted well with the too-tremulous singing of the Carolina of the evening. Signor Giuglini as Paolina, the merchant's clerk, would have been more acceptable if he had been a little less lachrymose; his want of animation is fast becoming chronic. His singing alone made amends. In the air "Pria che spureti" he was unapproachable; he would, however, do well to study the libretto more carefully,—constant reference to the prompter spoils the harmony of the piece. The Count Robinson of Signor Everardi was a gentlemanly performance: he was dandified without being enobish; it was, in fact, better than his singing, which was not so good as usual. With Signor Ciampi's Gerouino we must finish our notice of this interesting revival. It was a thoroughly humorous and artistic conception; comic without buffoonery, quaint without exaggeration.

His acting in the scene where he discovers the marriage between Carolina and Paolina was surprisingly clever; so also in the second act, where Count Robinson endeavours to obtain the hand of Carolina, with half the dowry originally agreed upon in the event of his marrying Elisetta. His singing was equally expressive, and gave his listeners an opportunity of judging of the merits of the buffo school of Italian music. M. Benedict presided at the orchestra, and evinced a thorough acquaintance with the *tempi* of Cimarosa by his careful conducting.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN.

Deficient of original merits as is Herr Flotow's opera of "Martha," its production at this theatre is always sure to secure a good audience and to meet with general approbation. It would not be difficult to assign a reason for its popularity, even when pronounced by critical connoisseurs of music to be but a second-rate composition. We believe that it would be found to lie in the "ad captandum" style in which it is written, and by the appeal which it makes to the melodious in contradistinction to the harmonious susceptibilities of those who listen to its performance. True it is, that on its first production two years ago on these boards it was within a degree of proving a "fiasco," so far as the composer was concerned, and was only saved from so melancholy an end by the fortunate introduction of the well-known air the "Last Rose of Summer;" yet upon repetition fresh beauties were discovered, and "Martha" gained in public estimation, so that a season never passes without its being revived. Mr. Gye, who always endeavours to suit all tastes, has therefore done wisely in giving the opera this season, since he gratifies those who delight in melody, and thereby enables them to hear some of the prettiest airs which have been written of late years for the lyric stage. The cast of the opera was the same as when it was first performed, with one exception. Madame Bosio, who sustained the part of Lady Henrietta (Martha) in 1858 is no more; and her successor in 1859, Madame Lotti de la Santa, has joined the company to the other house: it therefore devolved upon Madame Penco, who appears to sing all the light soprano parts in the Covent Garden programme for this season. It would be invidious to institute any comparison between her singing, and that of her predecessors; it would be, in fact, comparison, not criticism. We will therefore consider it *per se*, without seeking a standard of merit in the past. It may be safely said that Madame Penco will never err on the side of exaggeration, or, if we may be allowed the expression, of over-acting. All her impersonations are essentially quiet and lady-like. This was more particularly observable in her delineation of the character of Lady Henrietta, which although possessing no salient points for the exercise of dramatic powers such as she possesses, yet becomes interesting from the careful and judicious manner in which it was acted. Her singing was unexceptionably good throughout, but it was in the air "Qui sola vergin rosa" that she achieved the greatest success. Madame Penco, however, would do well to avoid the tremulousness which is becoming more and more apparent in her delivery of pathetic passages. It was especially noticeable on this occasion, and caused her singing to appear somewhat too plaintive in its expression. Signor Mario as Lionel was in excellent voice, and acted with more than ordinary spirit. In the air in the third act, where he apostrophises Martha, he was most appreciated. He was frequently applauded in the course of the evening, but never with greater title than in the air "M'appari tutt amor." Madame Nantier Didiée's Nancy, Signor Graziani's Plumkett, and Signor Tagliacico's Lord Tristan, were all excellent performances, and well sustained their prestige as clever artists. The band and chorus were, as is usual at this house, capably up to their parts. In the quartett at the spinning wheel, the "Buanotte" and in the rest of the concerted music, the precision of the former was truly admirable, and rendered the opera an instrumental treat, if nothing more. The *mise en scène* was the same as last year. We reserve our notice of Gluck's "Orfeo and Euridice" produced at this House on Wednesday, till next week.

#### THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

In our impression of last Saturday we called the attention of our readers to the great musical reunion of the French Orphéonistes to take place at the Crystal Palace during the present week. It is now for us to lay before them an account of the proceedings, and, so far as our limited space will admit, to notice the performances of our allies, vocally and instrumentally, not with an enthusiasm which those who heard them could scarcely avoid sharing, but, calmly and deliberately. Before, however, doing so, it would be as well to trace the origin and rise of the societies which form the orphéon of France, as many labour under a false impression as regards the social position of its number, and believe that they are choristers by profession, and not mere amateurs. It is now nearly fifteen years since Wilhelm, a professor of music, first conceived the idea of forming choral societies among his countrymen. For two years he laboured in the cause, but with mediocre results. It was not till M. Delaporte, impressed with the practicability of Wilhelm's plan, determined on devoting himself to its realisation, that it began to take root among them. With stick in hand, and with a carpet bag containing his worldly apparel, the indefatigable first prizeman of the Conservatoire and organist of the cathedral at Sens, set out on his wanderings. He first visited, says M. Raymond de Breilh, the historiographer of the Orphéon, the smallest villages of his own department, knocking at the doors of the communal instructors and of the maires, asking of the former permission to found choral societies in their schools, of the latter the support of the municipal authority. His efforts were attended with varied success. It was not until he had pursued his object for three or four years, and had suffered even personal privations and insults, that the French Orphéon became an actuality. Since then the growth of the societies has been marvellous. At present there exists as many as 800 in France, counting in all about 40,000 members, and 200,000 supporters. From so large a number of vocalists, it was of course a matter of no small difficulty to secure the best singers for the Festival at the Crystal Palace. This was effected by the appointment of agents in the towns where the Orphéons most flourished, and to them we owe the visit of the 3,000 carefully selected vocalists who, on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, crowded every part of the great orchestra erected originally for the Handel commemoration. Although this is the first time that ever the Orphéonistes have sung in this country, it is not the first time that they have acted in so large a body. In March, 1859, there was a similar gathering in the Palais de l'Industrie, at Paris, when upwards of 7,000 assisted. The success of that undertaking not a little induced the directors of the Crystal Palace to attempt this present festival, which, if it does not embrace such multitudes, nevertheless has enabled the public to hear some of the finest choral singing the world can produce. At an early hour on Monday morning, the London Bridge station was quite overrun by the troubadour company, hastening to their morning rehearsal. Conspicuous among them was the band of the Guides, who were destined to, take part in the concert. The expression of wonderment visible on many of their faces when the beauties of the Crystal Palace broke on their view would have afforded a study for Lavater. But there was little time for them to indulge their curiosity in strolling through the aisles. The hour of rehearsal had come, and M. Delaporte was anxious to have his Orphéonistes, as much as time would allow, accustomed to their new *salle de concert*. The interval between the rehearsal and the public performance scarcely sufficed to enable them to take refreshment, but, with remarkable good-nature, they put up with these inconveniences, and when three o'clock sounded all were in their places, to respond to the order from M. Delaporte for "God save the Queen," arranged for this occasion by M. Camille de Vos. The Orphéonistes, to the surprise and amusement of the audience, gave it in English. There was a slight unsteadiness in their voices in the second verse, which we suspect arose in a measure from the difficulty the greater part of them must have experienced in singing in our language. It may be remarked that M. de Vos'



cadences rather destroyed the beauty of our National Anthem. The concert being thus loyally inaugurated, Besozzi's hymn, "Veni Creator," was given with telling effect. It afforded no opportunity of judging of the musical attainments of the choir, as it was a pure specimen of level singing; their union and power were, however, fully shown in Küken's "Chant du Bivouac," which elicited an *encore*, responded to by the repetition of the last verse. It here became evident that there was a paucity of tenor voices to do justice to the higher notes, those passages appertaining to the bass and baritone being by far the most effectively given.

A translation of Mendelssohn's "Lebe wohl," under the title of "Départ du Chasseur," was sung with exquisite softness. The "Septuor du Duel," from the "Huguenots," was of too elaborate a character to meet with judicious treatment from so miscellaneous a crowd. It was curious to observe the shifts the adapter had been put to in order to bring this splendid composition within the capabilities of the Orphéonistes. If he has not wholly succeeded, it is from no lack of ingenuity on his part, but rather from the intractable nature of the original score. The triumphs of the concert were Adolph Adam's "Les Enfants de Paris," and Laurent de Rille's "La Re traite." The former song was executed with unexampled correctness, and at its conclusion was redemanded with an amount of enthusiasm truly surprising in an English audience. The latter air was, with exception of the "Septuor" already alluded to, the most difficult *morceau d'exécution* in the programme. The *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, representing the steps of retreating soldiers, were truly wondrous; and more so when it is considered that many of the notes in the *pianissimo* passages had to be sustained in order to give a subdued effect. The imitation of the sound of drums dying away in the distance was admirable, the gradations from the basses to the tenors being given with unimpeachable steadiness.

M. Vandin's poem entitled "France! France!" set to music by M. Ambrose Thomas, concluded the performances. It was executed with a precision nothing short of marvellous, and at its termination was redemanded with a heartiness that appeared to astonish the Frenchmen, who gracefully responded with "God save the Queen." Such loyalty on their side was met in like spirit by an universal cry from the spectators for "Partant pour la Syrie," which was sung with a refinement and feeling that again called down the cheers of thousands who during its performance had listened with almost breathless silence. A scene now ensued that baffles description. Cheers and counter cheers were the order of the day; ladies, too, waved their handkerchiefs, and in the midst of the exhilarating demonstration the organ gave forth its voluminous notes, until the whole place seemed to echo with the sounds. We only trust, that however much the French Orphéonistes have suffered during their stay among us from the rapacity of unprincipled hotel-keepers or the selfishness of their own *entrepreneurs*, that they will return home impressed with the events of this day, and confident that among the middle classes of the land stupid prejudice has given place to extended philanthropy, and that all who come in the name of peace to visit our shores, in the name of peace are welcome.

But, before closing our notice of this great international festival, let us bestow upon the performance of the band of the Guides the unqualified praise which it so well deserves. In the overtures to "Zampa" and "Oberon" they astonished all by their extraordinary correctness, and by the singularly pure quality of their tones. A fantasia on Adolph Adam's "Giralda," composed by M. Mohr, their conductor, was received most favourably. All in all, there can be little doubt that they are, as a military band, unrivalled.

M. Delaporte was conductor in chief, assisted by M. Edouard Battiste, to whom the organ accompaniment was assigned. Both gentlemen proved themselves masters of their art by their clever management of one of the most difficult musical enterprises ever attempted in this country. The performances of Tuesday and Thursday were of similar character to that just adverted to, and were

received with equal demonstrations of delight from a crowded and fashionable auditory.

#### M. PASQUALE GOLDBERG'S MATINÉE MUSICALE.

This gentleman's *matinée musicale* at Messrs. Collard's new rooms, in Lower Grosvenor Street, was a legitimate success. It was well attended by a select audience, who appeared to be delighted with the selection made for their entertainment. The concert opened with the quartett from "I Puritani," "A te o cara," sung by Madame Goldberg-Strossi, Signori Solieri, Dragone, and Herr Muller with considerable taste, excepting Signor Solieri, who would do well to avoid exercising his powers too forcibly in concerted pieces; in the present instance his singing was much too loud. The duet "Vieni la barca è pronta," composed by M. Goldberg and sang by Madame Strossi and Madlle. Jenny Meyer, did not go off well; the latter lady sang rather out of tune, and appeared to be nervous; Madame Strossi succeeded better in the German Cied "Die Bothschaft," and elicited general approbation from her hearers. Signor Dragone was in excellent voice; his interpretation of "Ah! quello fu per me," by Donizetti, was everything that could be desired. M. Lefort was announced in the programme, but a telegram received just before the concert necessitated his immediate departure for Paris. M. René Donay, accompanied by M. Frank, played two solos on the violoncello with remarkable execution; some of his tones were as fine as any we ever heard brought out of that instrument. Leopold de Meyer was nothing short of amazing in a fantasia for the piano of his own composing. Altogether the concert was well arranged, and did credit to the taste of M. Goldberg, who officiated as conductor.

#### MADemoiselle CAROLINE VALENTIN'S CONCERT.

This lady, so well known as a pianist, gave a *matinée musicale*, at the Hanover-square Rooms, last week, which were well filled with a discriminating audience, who were evidently pleased with the selections comprised in the programme. The *bénéficiaire* executed several difficult *morceaux* on the pianoforte with great taste and facility. She was particularly happy in Haydn's trio, in G major, in which she was assisted by MM. Buzian and Paque. Her interpretation of Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata was also much admired for its refinement. In every piece she was warmly applauded. The vocalists were Herr and Madame Rieder, Mademoiselle Von Kettler, Madame Depret, and Herr Hermanns. The first-named lady was very successful in her variations on the "Carnival de Venise." Herr Wilhelm Ganz presided.

### THE DRAMA.

#### HAYMARKET.

Mr. Falconer appears likely to rival Mr. Tom Taylor in the quick composition of dramatic novelties. It was only the other day that we had to chronicle the production, at the Haymarket, of "The Family Secret," written by him, and now are called upon to pass an opinion on another dramatic emanation of his, entitled "Does he Love Me?" which formed the great feature of Miss Amy Sedgwick's benefit last Saturday night. The piece is written in three acts, and here Mr. Falconer would have done well to have restricted himself to two. The same fault, so often visible in speakers on our public platforms, is also discoverable in the works of our modern dramatists; they rarely appear to know where they can advantageously finish; hence the former become prosy, and the latter tedious. Both spoil what is good in their compositions, and too frequently have to blame themselves for want of success. The piece, however, is decidedly an improvement on "The Family Secret," in which we detected some tendency to mannerism, arising, probably, in the author's supposition that the didactic style, pre-eminently visible in an earlier drama of his composition—we mean "Extremes"—was the style which best suited the prevalent taste of theatre-goers. He now has learned that it does not follow, because a piece written with any strongly-marked characteristics has succeeded once, that all others drawn up after the same model are to have equal

success with the public. To the appreciation of this fact, we think we may trace the marked improvement in the treatment of his subject which one representation of "Does he Love Me?" has sufficed to impress upon us. There are still many shortcomings which care and study will alone remedy. The most prominent is the wish to give weight to sentiments by embodying them in a mass of words which, while they deprive a really good idea of simplicity so essential to good dramatic writing, only serve to mystify and shroud half its beauties. Then, too, there is a tendency to cull incidents from the works of other dramatists, not so much by the abstraction of actual dialogue, but by the introduction of situations that on the very face of them betray an extraneous origin. But we must not be too severe with Mr. Falconer, as every one of his pieces exhibit an onward progress, and therefore we have a right to expect that as "Does he Love Me?" is better written than "The Family Secret," so will his next production be superior to either. There is a certain amount of resemblance between the heroines of the two pieces. Neither are ladies, in the strict sense of the word. They are rather open and disingenuous specimens of the fair sex, who may be admired as good creatures, but can never be made types of refined womanhood by the most talented of our actresses. The story of the comedy wears somewhat the air of an old acquaintance, and will doubtless bring to mind the recollection of similar materials having formed the basis of many pieces of the modern French school of dramatic composition. A young girl, whose father has inherited a large property, in order to prove the sincerity of a certain Viscount Mowbray's affections, insists upon passing herself off as her poorer cousin. The viscount, who is just as timorous of making a match where all the love is on his side, by a strange coincidence has determined on a similar course of action, and gains an introduction to the house of the lady's father in the guise of an attendant of Viscount Mowbray, who for the time is personated by one of his followers. Upon this oft-used idea, Mr. Falconer has set to work to run a three-act comedy. It will be easily perceived that the whole of the real play lies between the old father, his charming but slightly romantic daughter, and the Quixotic lord. The addition of a quaint specimen of a lawyer's clerk, and a sociably inclined housekeeper, assist to enliven the action, although their presence is more accessory to than inherent in it. But scanty, however, as are his materials, even Mr. Falconer might have made better use of them had he not allowed himself to become diffuse; so that, notwithstanding his acknowledged talent in imparting piquancy to his dialogue, he is obliged to hurry on the crisis, and by the time the end of the second act is reached, to allow his audience to attain the *maximum* of interest in the plot; so that the third act becomes quite unnecessary to the actual completion of the hero's or heroine's career. With all its faults, however, "Does he Love Me?" is a clever work; from time to time discovering talent in its author that promises one day to place him high in the ranks of dramatists. We, therefore, trust that there may be no want of public appreciation to discourage his efforts. The stage is too often occupied by vaudevilles, comedies, and "dramatic sketches" of foreign origin, that we should not cultivate native talent whenever it discovers itself. Mr. Falconer's career has been promising from the commencement. We watch its progress with interest. Passing from the author, let us glance at the conduct of those who took part in the acting of his comedy. Miss Sedgwick hardly entered into the free and frank character which he intended for that of his heroine; the same faults were apparent in her impersonation as are visible in her Julia, in the "Hunchback;" it wanted naturalness and more freedom from conventionalities. Miss Bulmer, as the cousin, made the most of the part; and Mr. Howe, as the Viscount, was gentlemanly and courteous. He was rather too old in thought and carriage for a young lord, and sometimes he gave too cynical a tone to some of the passages of his part. Mr. Chippendale made an excellent *grippe son* of a father. The creation of a part for Mr. Buckstone was complimentary to him as manager of the theatre, but not in the least necessary to the action

of the piece. But when Mr. Buckstone acts, who can restrain from merriment? Saturday night saw him as clever and unctuously humorous as ever, in the character of a certain Bubble, whose whole humour consists in punning on his name, and having a secret to communicate which he never is able to do, owing to some unforeseen circumstance preventing him. The *mise en scène* was everything that could be desired for finish and elegance. The next representation will take place on the occasion of Mr. Buckstone's benefit.

## ST. JAMES'S.

M. Talexys is nightly proving that the promises made in his programme are not vain words, and that no effort is spared on his part to render the French plays attractive to the ears and eyes of the London public. Since the commencement of his season we have weekly adverted to the numerous novelties that he has produced, and again it devolves upon us to call the attention of our readers to the clever performance of a somewhat high-sounding vaudeville, entitled "*Les Femmes Terribles*," which has gained fresh laurels for the artistes engaged. "*Les Femmes Terribles*" is not unknown to our boards. Mr. Harris inaugurated his management of the Princess's with it, under the title of "*Gossip*," but like all adaptations, much of its wit and fire was lost in translation. The plot hinges upon the idiosyncrasies of a gossiping woman, whose predilection for scandal not only entails injury upon the innocent, but eventually brings herself into most unpleasant positions. The part of the "*bavarde*" was admirably sustained by Madlle. Duverger, whose acting we have before had occasion to commend for its grace and refinement. As Madame de Ris, she exhibited her talents in quite a new light. Her volubility in the off-set of the story—the delight with which she spreads *une petite scandale* among her friends—her injured air when doubted—her surprise at finding that her talking has led to mischief,—were all expressed with a *naïveté* truly admirable. The way, too, in which the natural vivacity of her imagination discovered for her means to escape from the unpleasant consequences of her too talkative disposition, was shown with a tact and cleverness quite in keeping with the character of such women as Madame de Ris, many of whom may be found without much difficulty reigning paramount in the society of London as well as of Paris and Madrid. M. Devaux, as Chateaufort, the husband of Madame de Ris's friend, and who acts as a corrective to that lady's mischief-making propensities, was frank and open. There is a certain gentlemanly bearing in this *artiste's* impersonations that never fails to charm; on this occasion it was doubly pleasing. M. Gravier acted the part of Duranda, the Spanish count, with care; while Madame Charvet was played with much spirit by Madlle. Lodge. Madlle. Thomasse as Madame Chateaufort also sustained her reputation as a painstaking *artiste*. But so excellent, indeed, was the acting of the whole company, that we are unwilling to commend any individually, lest we should appear not to appreciate the united efforts of the whole to please. Madlle. Delphine Fix is announced. We may then expect to see some specimens of the modern classical French drama added to the already extensive *répertoire* of this theatre.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GLEANINGS.

An amateur performance by some of the members of the Artillery Company, in aid of the funds of the Rifle Association, came off with great success at the Lyceum, on Wednesday last. The appearance presented by the number of uniforms in every part of the house was very brilliant, and indeed constituted the principal attraction. The programme of the evening comprised "*Still Waters Run Deep*," "*Charles II.*" and the "*Spitalfields Weaver*." Captain Tom Taylor had also written an address for the occasion, which was well delivered by Miss Kate Terry.

Miss Levesque's concert last week, at the Hanover Square Rooms, went off with great success. The lady herself exhibited her powers in a trio with Herr Becker and M. Daubert, also in a pianoforte solo by Liszt. She was well received by a numerous audience.

Among the Parisian musical talent who have

visited our city in company with the Orpheonistes we observe M. Ancestry, Chef d'Orchestre du Théâtre Impérial de l'Odéon; M. Condere, Chef d'Orchestre du Gymnase; M. Louis Deffes, Premier Prix de Rome; M. Samary, first violoncellist in the chapel of the Emperor; M. Dancla, Professor at the Conservatoire. These gentlemen since their arrival in this country have played in several private *soirées*. We have had an opportunity of hearing M. Samary play a fantasia of his own composition on the Scotch air "*Robin Adair*," and the "*Carnival of Venice*." His style is expressive, and savours of originality, which, combined with a great facility of execution, makes him particularly happy in the most difficult passages. We hope to hear him in our concert rooms before he returns to Paris.

## FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS AT BRUSSELS.—This exhibition, under the immediate patronage of the Belgian Government, commences on the 15th of August, and closes on the 15th of October, 1860. It is open to the works of all living Belgian and foreign artists. The objects intended for exhibition must be addressed, "*A la Commission directrice de l'Exposition générale des Beaux Arts, à Bruxelles*," and must be accompanied by a letter containing the name, surname, and residence of the artist, and also the title by which his work is to be inserted in the catalogue. Artists are requested to mention in this letter the names of their masters, or the academy where they followed their studies. The number of works which each artist is allowed to send, is limited to four. Miniatures, drawings, water-colour paintings, engravings, lithographs, or medals in the same frame, will be considered as a single work. Paintings, &c., in round or oval frames should be packed in square cases. The Government undertake to pay all transport charges incurred on Belgian territory: the charges for objects sent from foreign parts must therefore be paid up to the Belgian frontier. English artists, as a special favour and encouragement, will have their works sent free to Brussels and returned free, at the charge of the Belgian Government. The Vice-Consul of Belgium, in London, T. G. Wick, Esq., of 11, Bury Court, St. Mary Axe, City, will undertake the transmission to Brussels, and artists are therefore requested to communicate with and forward their works to him. All objects intended for exhibition must be in Brussels before the 20th of July, 1860. A jury, composed of the members of the presiding commission, will decide about the admission of works sent in. Oil and water-colour paintings, miniatures, enamels, statues, bas-reliefs, drawings, engravings, and lithographs, carvings, medals, and cameos, only will be received. Pictures without frames, and all works which have already figured in a public exhibition in Brussels, are not admitted. Neither are copies, except if they reproduce the work in a different style in enamel on china, or by drawing. Drawings representing an existing architectural monument will be considered as copies. No work can be taken away from the exhibition before the closing day. The commission will take all possible care for the preservation of the works entrusted to them, but they cannot take on themselves any responsibility whatever for accidents, such as may occur during the transmission of the objects to Brussels or their return, or such as may happen while they are in the localities of the exhibition. The placing of the works will be confided to a special jury, nominated by all the artists whose works are admitted; it will comprise five painters, two sculptors, an architect, and an engraver. All artists will send in their works with a letter, as above stated, and therein mention also nine names, as classified in the foregoing article. These letters will be opened on the 30th of July at noon, at a public meeting held at the Royal Museum, and those artists who have obtained the greatest number of suffrages, will be proclaimed members of the jury for placing. A third jury will be charged with recommending to the Government works of remarkable merit for acquisition at state costs, for commendation or reward. To artists who have shown the most distinguished talent, a medal will be awarded. This medal is of gold. It cannot be

awarded to artists who have already received a similar distinction at a former exhibition, or to those who have received the decoration of the Order of Leopold. The number of medals awarded will be—For painting, five; for sculpture and engraving of medals, two; for engraving and lithography, one; and for architecture, one. This last-named jury will be composed of the members of the jury for placing, to which Government will add five of their own nomination; it will be presided over by the commission. Artists who are desirous to accept the services of the commission as agents for the sale of their works, will state the price they demand, and in case of sale, a commission of three per cent. will be retained for the benefit of the Caisse centrale des Artistes Belges.

## PICTURE GALLERY, CRYSTAL PALACE.

The opinion we gave last week of the importance of elevating the character of the picture gallery of the Crystal Palace was strengthened at our last visit. The gallery was more full of visitors than we recollect it on any previous occasion. A painting by M. Claxton, No. 56, *The Churches*, excites attention.

"Classes, not individuals, have been selected for observation. Public topics are public property."—JUDGE HALL-BURTON.

The picture is divided into three compartments—"High Church," "Low Church," and "No Church." In the first, a fashionable young lady is receiving a blessing from a youthful clergyman in a private chapel, the treatment of which, to say the least of it, is vulgar and offensive. In the second, "Low Church" is represented by an open-air preacher addressing a group of rustics; and the third, "No Church" discovers a servant-of-all-work scrubbing at a kitchen window, while a beadle and some charity children are passing above on the pavement on their way to church. There is some merit in the composition, as far as drawing is concerned, and the colouring is not devoid of skill; but the subject, not by any means a lofty one, is carried out in a "clap-trap" manner, and is of course designed for a vulgar print in a more vulgar print-seller's window. Paintings of this kind do nothing whatever to aid the objects of art. It is fortunate, however, that there are many works in this collection of a very different character, such, for instance, as *Mary and Martha at the Grave of Lazarus*, No. 15, by G. E. Sintzwich, one of the figures (in which) is full of grace and expression; *The Good Samaritan*, No. 19, A. B. Wyon; and *Evening Service at St. Paul's Cathedral*, No. 35, F. W. Moody. This last picture is clever and effective; there is a degree of solemn reverence in the assembled congregation, and there is much in the whole work to augur well for the future of this painstaking artist. The large work of the late W. Etty, R.A., *Joan of Arc at the Tomb*, No. 93, still remains in this gallery. It formed one of three large designs, originally exhibited in the Royal Academy, and which was the cause of considerable comment. We have heard those who are supposed to be able critics in art, almost rave about the beauties of this picture; but, to our own notion, it is awkward, dark, and disagreeable, and not worthy of the distinguished character of this great painter. *The Dawn of Day*, No. 111, and *Cupid Asleep*, No. 238, are very much better specimens of the style of this master. A very pleasant combination of talent will be found in the joint production of Messrs. Topham and Bright, *View in Ireland*, No. 290. Mr. Topham never fails to depict all the characteristics of the Irish peasantry, and aided by such a landscape painter as Mr. Bright, a charming picture is an undoubted result. A pretty little landscape—*Shepperton on the Thames*, No. 112, has been sent in by Mr. C. Marshall. It must have been taken from some sketch or print of a former period, for it is certainly not the Shepperton of the present day. The admirers of J. R. Pyne will find No. 147, *The Scree on Wast Water*, quite to their taste; and close by, an exquisite production by Mr. Buckner,—No. 150, *Roman Boy with Pitcher*, lighted up with all the colour and brightness for which this artist is famous. The Royal Academy is further represented by Mr. David Roberts. Two little gems, Nos. 338 and 339, *View in Rome*, and *The Via Appia*, are in that painter's best and most truthful style, and though small, are superior to those he has recently exhibited.



The peculiarities of the late J. Ward, R.A., are manifestly exhibited in *The Snarler*, No. 47. The eccentricities of this clever academician's pencil became excessive during his latter years, and would not have been tolerated in their rubicund monstrosity in the shape of quadrupeds, had he not in his earlier career painted some remarkably fine pictures. The lesser cow, Cooper, R.A., is four times mentioned in the catalogue, almost as many times too often, for though never absolutely bad, his works were, and are, generally of the order indifferent. An expressive head will be found in W. M. Tweedie's *Rebecca*, No. 9. Miss Osborne, whose painting of *The Governess*, in the present Royal Academy Exhibition, has been purchased by the Queen, has contributed three or four small works to the gallery. We understand that she is at present engaged upon a work of considerable size and pretension. It will be looked for with great expectation. *The Opening of Parliament* in 1845, by A. Blaikley, No. 39, is one of those pictures that are cold, formal, and uninteresting, except for a few prominent portraits of eminent political men, some of them now passed away. The Queen is concluding her speech. The sketches of the members were made during the session of 1845, the last year of Sir Robert Peel's ministry, and the picture is said to be the only representation of the ceremony in the chamber occupied by the Lords during the period between the burning of the old houses of parliament and their assembling in the new. Mr. J. P. Herring, sen., presents one of his animated scenes from sporting life, No. 28, *Liverpool Steeple Chase*, with portraits, in his usual style of dashing execution. *Returning from the Fair*, No. 41, by the same artist, has been for some time at the Crystal Palace. It is a bold, picturesque landscape, the cattle and the horses being worked in with pleasant and bold effect. *The Interior of a Breton Cottage*, No. 167, is a pleasing and skilful drawing. Mr. John Wood, the portrait-painter, a pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, has sent in a cleverly-composed painting, *Sabrina Releasing the Lady*, from Milton's "Comus." It is very elegant, and the landscape in the back ground is appropriate to the subject. Mr. Niemann's powerful effects in landscape are fully shown in several works in this year's selection.

## SCIENCE.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—At the meeting of this Society on Monday evening—Sir Roderick Murchison in the chair—a communication from Consul Petherick was read on the proposed explorations up the Nile to meet the expedition of Captain Speke. Mr. Petherick proposed three schemes, according to the amount subscribed, for carrying on the explorations. The first one, which would require £2,000, would be conducted by himself, accompanied by a party of 20 armed men, with whom he would proceed towards the Lake Nyanzi, in the interior of Africa, where he expected he should meet Captain Speke and his party, and be able to conduct them in safety through the hostile tribes on the north, whom it is feared will otherwise murder them. In the event of not meeting that party, Mr. Petherick would continue the exploration with the view of tracing the sources of the Nile. The second scheme merely contemplated the rescue of Captain Speke from the dangers he will be exposed to by sending an armed party to meet him. This might be accomplished for £1,000. The third scheme was on a still more extensive scale, and contemplated prolonged explorations in the interior of Africa, which might not terminate till the spring of 1863. Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector gave an account of their explorations in British North America, which have been conducted during the last three years. Communications from those travellers have from time to time been read at the meetings of the society, and now, having returned, they appeared to report in person the results of their expedition. Captain Palliser described the course of the expedition from its departure from Lake Superior, and recounted the various obstacles they had encountered from the nature of the country passed over and from the want of provisions, the means adopted to supply that want, and the assistance received from the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and from other persons.

Several passes across the Rocky Mountains within the British territory were discovered, as previously mentioned; and, after partially exploring the country to the west of those mountains without any practical result, the expedition returned. During the whole time magnetical and astronomical observations were continually made by the scientific gentlemen of the party. Dr. Hector explained more particularly the physical features of the country with a view to the probability of rendering the extensive region of the Saskatchewan available for colonisation, and of forming a communication through the British territories with the Pacific. On both points his report was unfavourable. The valley of the Saskatchewan extends over an area of 155,000 square miles, of which about 61,000 square miles are capable of cultivation, one-third part of it without any previous preparation or clearing; but the access to it from Lake Superior is so difficult that it would prevent any British colonists from settling there whilst land equally good is to be found in Canada. Between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg six changes of the mode of transit, by land and by water, are at present necessary. The passes across the Rocky Mountains are not now practicable for traffic, and the extensive tract of country between these mountains and the ridge of rocks that extends along the shores of the Pacific presents a serious obstacle to communication. Dr. Rae said the passes across the Rocky Mountains discovered by Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector had been previously known to the Hudson's Bay Company, and he defended that company from charges that had been brought against them for not having given assistance in the prosecution of North American explorations. He expressed the opinion that the valley of the Saskatchewan is only accessible for traffic through the territory of the United States. In that opinion he was confirmed by other gentlemen, and it was observed that, to find a practicable means of communication between the east and west coasts of North America, it would be requisite to cross the boundary line both north and south. A director of the Hudson's Bay Company vindicated them from the charge of having concealed the knowledge of their discoveries in North America, all of which, he said, had been communicated to Mr. Arrowsmith, and appeared on his maps. He stated that there is a more practicable pass over the Rocky Mountains than those mentioned by Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector, through which the Peace river flows from east to west. At the conclusion of the proceedings, Sir R. Murchison said he hoped to see all those who were present at the meeting of the British Association next week.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—An ordinary meeting of this society, for the election of fellows and ballot for plants, was held on Tuesday, at the Museum of Science and Art, South Kensington, by permission of the Lord President of the Privy Council—Right Hon. Earl of Ducie, V.P., in the chair—when the following ladies and gentlemen were elected fellows:—Miss Bridge, Miss Maria Bridge, Robert Cathcart, Esq., J. Juli Chalk, Esq., Rev. V. Knox Child, Samuel Churchill, Esq., Thos. Dalton, Esq., Madame Eliza Faure, William Garnier, Esq., Miss M. Courtois, Miss E. Courtois, William Gillow, Esq., the Lady Mary Nisbet Hamilton, Ralph Allen Husey, Esq., Mathew Marsh, Esq., M.P., Miss Ann Prater, Miss Mary Jane Renny, Miss Elizabeth Renny, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, Martin Tucker Smith, Esq., M.P., Owen Wallis, Esq. The ballot for plants was then proceeded with. The list of those selected for distribution on this occasion comprised nineteen sorts—chiefly greenhouse and hardy ornamental shrubs—which will be forwarded to the successful applicants soon after the ballot on the 24th of July, along with any other plants they may have gained.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, June 26, 1860.—E. W. H. Holdsworth, Esq., in the chair. Mr. W. K. Parker communicated an abstract of his notes on the osteology of *Baleniceps rex*, as founded upon a careful examination of a specimen lately living in the society's gardens. Mr. W. H. Flower read a note on the abnormal structure of the gizzard of the Nicobar pigeon (*Calanas nicobarica*), comparing its formation with that of the same organ in other birds. A paper, by Dr. Bennett, was read on the habits of

the brown coati-mondi (*Nasua fusca*). Dr. G. Hartlaub, of Bremen, read a notice of a new bird allied to the *carriama*, lately discovered by Professor Burmeister in South America, for which he proposed the name *Dicholophus burmeisteri*. Mr. Alfred Newton exhibited some hybrid ducks, and read some general observations on hybridism among the *Anatidae*, giving particulars of a case in which two hybrids between the pintail (*Dafila acuta*) and domestic duck had produced offspring. Mr. Newton also offered some remarks on the *Anas erythropus* of Linnæus, and endeavoured to show that that name was applicable strictly to the *Anser minutus* of Naumann. The secretary exhibited a drawing of rock kangaroo, living in the society's menagerie, and believed to be identical with Dr. Gray's *Petrogale xanthopus*. Mr. Leadbeater exhibited three examples of Buffon's *Skua*, lately shot in Ireland, and some remarkably large heads and antlers of the Wapiti stag.

THE GLUCOSIC FERMENTATION OF CANE SUGAR.—Under the influence of yeast, says the "Chemical News," cane sugar first changes into an ucrystallisable sugar, which has an opposite rotating power to the original body, and hence has received the name of "inverted" sugar. M. Berthelot has engaged himself with the study of this phenomenon of inversion, in order to discover what is its precise nature—whether it is due to a special action of the yeast, rendered necessary because cane sugar of itself is not directly fermentable, or whether it is the result of some secondary influence independent of the direct action of the ferment. These questions, he says, are extremely interesting, for the answers will show whether yeast produces several consecutive effects on cane sugar or only one—whether it represents several ferments able to bring about various results; and lastly, whether some of the effects which it produces are the same as those caused by contact with dilute acids. M. Berthelot has made experiments in three directions. In the first place, he endeavoured to find out whether succinic acid, employed under the same circumstances as during fermentation, was capable of producing the inverted sugar; and he finds that it has not the power. In his second experiments, he conducted the fermentation in an alkaline liquor, which entirely excluded the influence of an acid, and he found the inversion was produced. These experiments having proved that the change is solely due to the yeast, the author set himself to isolate, if possible, the glucosic ferment, and study its action separately. He digested yeast (which had previously been pressed) with twice its weight of cold water for some hours, and then filtered. On mixing the filtered solution with an equal volume of alcohol, a precipitate of white flocculi was obtained, which being washed with alcohol and dried at the ordinary temperature, yielded a yellowish horny mass. This mass constitutes a particular azotised principle, which may be compared with diastase and pancreatine, and which is coagulable by heat on nitric acid. Once isolated, it may be redissolved in water and reprecipitated by alcohol again and again; but its activity as a ferment appears to be weakened by the treatment. In its original state, says the author, one part suffices to change from 50 to 100 parts of cane sugar—a rather wide difference for a scientific result. Believing with M. M. Cagniard de Latour and Pasteur that yeast is formed of a mycodermic vegetable, M. Berthelot thinks that this vegetable does not act on sugar directly by virtue of a physiological act, but by ferments, which it has the property of secreting, just as germinating barley secretes diastase, almonds emulsine, the pancreas pancreatine, and the stomach pepsine. Among the several ferments secreted, some are soluble and may be isolated, among which is the glucosic ferment; while others are insoluble, and remain inseparably combined with the organised tissues of the plant.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending June 23, 1860, the number of visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday (free days), 4,148; on Monday and Tuesday (free evenings), 4,209; on the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 2,081; one student's evening (Wednesday), 174; Thursday evening, 1,239. (Female School of Art *conversazione*); total, 11,841.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, JUNE 27.

THE people who are honoured with invitations to Fontainebleau are quite astounded at the attitude of the "Master." Instead of his usually taciturn manner, he launches out into long excursive descriptions of all that passed during his visit to Baden-Baden, and volunteers the expression of his joy and delight at all that occurred to him during that excursion. Now, not only do some of the persons better acquainted with the real state of things venture to say, "Well! this is being easily satisfied;" but those who know the man well, say the very excess of the outward contentment betrays the existence of the internal vexation. In his very intimate circle (the most mischievously indiscreet, perhaps, of any), his Imperial Majesty condescends to give imitations of the Prince of Prussia, which are affirmed to be excellent from a purely histrionic point of view, but which have given rise to the following *jeu de mot*: alluding to the deception experienced by Louis Napoleon in the "interview," it is said, "l'Empereur peut contre-faire le Prince de Prusse, mais le Prince de Prusse a joué l'Empereur!"

You can have no idea of the annoyance felt here by the accounts given of the Queen's volunteer review on your side of the water. Somehow or other it oozes out that it was a very grand sight, and portends a vast deal, coming, as it did, the day after your Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had declared the propositions of France touching Switzerland were not such as the English Government could receive with satisfaction; and, in spite of themselves, these vain, frivolous, cockawhoop Gauls are forced into attending to John Bull's first growls, and admitting that the sound is a serious one.

There is a great novelty just started here, and one that it would be well to imitate in all capitals during the summer months. It is the establishment of a "summer theatre," or rather it is the transformation of a winter into a summer one.

The Porte St. Martin has just altered all its internal arrangements, and has put on a perfect summer dress. But, then, the people who go to it say, "Yes, it is a *théâtre d'été*, *moins l'été*" for assuredly summer is the one thing forgotten in the whole affair. The pit is turned into a manner of garden, with no end of water and greenery, *jets d'eau*, and pasteboard rocks, real flowers, and imitation nature. When you go up to the lobby of the first tier of boxes, you find the walls covered with trellis-work, along which runs a tapestry of climbing plants, and in each corner are thick shrubberies of geraniums, peonies, carnations, and other flowers, that are deceived into the notion of the month of June being somewhere in their neighbourhood. In the centre of the first row of boxes fronting the stage, a sort of grotto has been established, into which the spectators may walk between the acts and enjoy the *coup d'œil*. From here to the pit you see nothing but rocks and (apparent) green sward, flowers, and fountains; and cool and pleasant enough it all is, most certainly, if only the weather were not such as to make one long rather for furs and fires. However, supposing the weather to come to its senses, it is undeniable that this "*théâtre d'été*" is a delightful innovation, and ought to be followed in every capital. I cannot say much for the piece which all this "greenery" was destined to welcome. It is entitled, "*Le Gentilhomme de la Montagne*," and is by Alexandre Dumas, the father. A more intricate, incomprehensible, useless piece of much ado about nothing, I have rarely seen, and if this be all that lies now hidden in the brains of Dumas, *vère*, the less he picks them the better, I should say, for the public.

But at this identical moment, the "order of the day" does not relate to the drama, but something we Christian Englishmen might think more serious—namely, to the death of old Jérôme Bonaparte. However his own family may feel, the people here see nothing at all serious in the whole business,

but is merely looking forward to the pageant of the funeral. If "funeral baked meats" there were, it would look forward to it all with still greater delight. But a *beau convoi et enterrement*, as they call it, is by no means an "entertainment" disdained by this intensely restless and uneasy people. There is no mistake in the world greater than that of considering the French a *gay* people—they are the very reverse of that, for they cannot bear for an instant to be left to themselves. Cheerfully disposed, gay-tempered people, are so under ordinary circumstances, and do not fly from solitude. The French are not *gay*; they want noisy gaiety around them, in order that they may be taken out of themselves; their own word "distraction" is the only fitting one—they want to be "distracted" from themselves. For this purpose everything serves—a marriage, a burial, a banquet, a review—no matter what, it is all one, so long as it is a *show*, and that flags fly, drums beat, cannon roars, and idle masses roam about the streets. The idleness is, together with the distraction, one of the great desiderata, and when a large amount of nothing-doing is achieved, a Frenchman is as nearly happy as he can be. As to the indifference felt about Prince Jérôme's life or death, it is as utter, as complete, as anything of the kind could by any possibility be conceived to be; but his funeral is another thing: that may be a pretext for a *holiday*, and above all, if the remains of the ex-King of Westphalia are carried (as it is supposed) to St. Denis, this will be an occasion for railroad excursions and popular pic-nicings all along the way from Paris to the spot where the "legitimate" sovereigns of the French race find their last resting-places. Altogether the "people" seem to think a good deal may be "got out of" Jérôme's funeral, and they are already preparing for these "festivities."

I do not believe the official Bonaparte system of falsehood was ever carried further than on this very occasion of the demise of Prince Napoleon's father. The least said would have been the best, but that is not a rule by which Napoleonic scribes appear to be able to abide. They invariably say too much, and what they say is but too commonly false. On this occasion they have simply set forth statements that are to be contradicted by only opening the first history of the first empire that happens to fall under your hand. The small esteem Napoleon had of his brother Jérôme's conduct or capacity, of his morals or his judgment, is proverbial, and the proofs of it (and very cynical ones too) are to be found at every turn. Why, he used to send aides-de-camp to him at Cassel, when he was king of Westphalia, to deliver to "his Majesty" the most humiliating messages, and was for ever "pulling up" his younger brother in a most uncompromising manner. That Jérôme behaved very bravely at Waterloo has never been questioned; but that he never proposed to the Emperor to "die there" (as the imperialist journals assert), is a certainty; and that his life in Paris, till within the last year, was the exact reverse of an edifying one, is not to be denied. It is all very well to gag thought and speech—you cannot prevent the public from knowing what goes on; and the Louis Quatorzien propensities and practices of his ex-Westphalian Majesty in regard to the fair sex, were made no secret. Peace be with him, as with every human creature who is called to his last dread account: but the attempt to transform him, now he is gone, into what he never was, never tried, and never cared to be, is, I think, a mistake. It only proves the love of imposture of the Government—the belief in imposture of this Bonaparte régime; and this is not a thing to leave unnoticed. A principle of Bonapartism is falsehood—it is held that the true and the untrue are all one. Depend upon it, one reason of the eventual failure of the system is to be found there.

Just now they are busy here "getting up the steam" about the conquest of the Rhine. A grand spectacle is being brought out at the Cirque, treating of the Campagne de la Moselle; and this will be succeeded (as it has already been preceded) by others of the same kind. The national feeling (which is really indifferent and dormant on all this) must be whipped up into effervescence. No efforts will be spared, and in the end the matter will be achieved.

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